



C-180134 10/25/00

ZOMBIES!

Foreign Gore

**Dr.
Butcher**

RODDY

BEST

Horror
Videos

REVIEWS

GORE

SCOREBOARD

**Barker
RAISES
HELL!**

Fanzines A-Z

**HORROR FROM
HOLLYWOOD**

**THIS WOMAN HAS JUST
CUT, CHOPPED, BROKEN, and BURNED
FIVE MEN BEYOND RECOGNITION...**

**BUT NO JURY
IN AMERICA
WOULD EVER
CONVICT HER!**



I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE

**... AN ACT OF
REVENGE**

JERRY GROSS — I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE

A CINEMAGIC PICTURES PRODUCTION A NEIR ZARCHI FILM

starring CANVILLE KEATON • ERIN TABOR • RICHARD PACE • ANTHONY NICHOLS

produced by JOSEPH ZOBIA • written & directed by NEIR ZARCHI

DISTRIBUTED BY THE JERRY GROSS ORGANIZATION

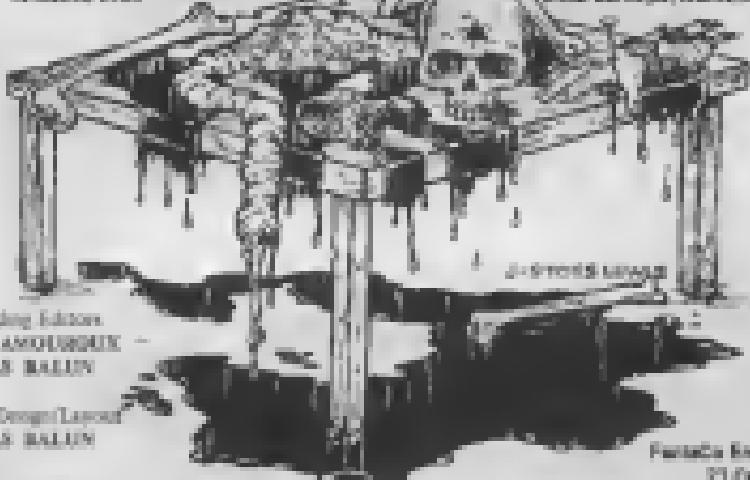
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R RENT-A-REEL

DEEPED

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EDITORIAL

Filmmaking and movie financing, in particular, has been caught in the throes of profound change these last several years. Before John Carpenter's **HALLOWEEN** (1978) opened the doors for an independent genre production to compete right up there with the major studio horror factors, the formula remained much the same for decades. The Big White, living Paramount, 20th Century Fox, MGM, Universal, etc. controlled the market. Independents were forced to show their wares at the独立 cinema, then times for \$1 a ticket, as part of a triple bill, or maybe as part of a "B-movie" in a sparsely attended "Art House" theatre.

The ancillary markets of video sales, and foreign release patterns were only as their infancy. You played in theatres or else your film shot to fame if you can the right of a pro poster. Yeah, fine, *One*, but what's that got to do with money, you ask, working these weeks, or even the other half?

Well, what I am saying is that this is a fine time, indeed, over a very fine time, for independent genre film making and marketing, especially, although independent film, I might say, in general, has been 10 years from scratch. Goodbye pro movie play in theatres these years, you still have an opportunity to prove

the to-be-seen by thousands of here or there the world over. You won't get rich, but maybe your work will be appreciated and celebrated and you might even make enough money to get to do it again and again.

DEEP RED is committed to ensuring safety and protecting the **INDEPENDENT** film on the block. We know you also have a \$250,000 advertising budget, so, send us the info or plan about your production and we'll do our best to get the word out. When we're talking here and, pointing to the bottom and calls of support and time marketing, you're just as much as we are at the promotional Korean bar, we're all in the **TOGETHER**.

By the way, hope you enjoy the changes we've made out in this issue. *Whee!* Screen more pages! All types of little more color. Sure, but what we're most proud of is the caliber of writing, reporting, and opinions expressed herein.

I'm very pleased to have the privilege of introducing **Connor Hansen**, our special guest writer, who's contributed a great piece on **CHINESE DATING CRICKETTE**. Of course, **DEEP RED** is a multi-dimensional and diversified little publication in the **TEXAS CHINABOX MEXICO CITY** — more like a place to play in every state bordered — than

Steve Bourne, noted words artist (**DEADLY TRAPS, GHOSTS**, etc.) also joins the staff as a contributing writer. This guy's got a line on some really weird, macabre, obscure-type films and we think you'll enjoy his writing, witty, well-researched pieces on what's lurking on your video shelves these days.

Thanks are due in order for our regular staffers, **Connor Hansen**, **Todd French**, and **Kris Tolosa**, whose work though spare and open and delivered the goods. **DEEP RED** style.

Watch for future changes in that more news, features, reviews, photos, etc., mean everything. We'll be a thick, square-bound horror quarterly, **DEEP RED** No. 2.

Later I said before, we're in to something here, so, come, join the party!

LET YOUR RED
Clay Parker

Clay Parker
Editor, **DEEP RED**





LETTERS FROM DOWNTON

Recently I purchased D.R. 1 as a used book from B. Murphy the PHS (P.S. 172). Quite a sensible sale price tag, but I was waiting and, after reading the issue, I was glad I parted with my shekels.

The "New York Ripper" article was very good. So was the review. The shot you pictured was the cover of CLOUTON CLOUTON (a title I coined for a hopefully very stiff) I've seen the press in circulation in the USA and Europe too but, although obviously稚拙, there is a measure in the enjoyment of the last woman [javelin, death] that appears to be real. I presume the killer was just another the girl's pervert. If you notice, when the cop comes in, her green robe has also been snared up. I see Pale originally shot a cleavage of this action. This would have made the film truly revolting. He obviously left it in. Fidler's new film, ALIQUOT, looks pretty good. I hope it gets released in Australia soon...

Your main piece on Steve Pulse was also good. It is nice to see up-to-date "F" article highlights!

I was particularly interested to hear

about Wim Wenders, whom I've heard little of before. It was also great to see a good "biggest sell" from PHS. D.R. 10 has prompted me to try and track this down, then a French connection who had it (presumably informed me of the success of his work).

Brett Davies
Glastonbury, Australia

PLAN 9 FROM HELL?

When at a local comic store, the owner showed me a copy of DEEP RED. I read it and thought it was good. I agreed with the comments on "videotape" about Argentina. I thought they were great. I, however, thought TEXAN CHAIN MAIL II was one of the more-fucking-messy ever made even worse than THE SECRET HORROR PICTURE SHOW, PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE, and RETURN OF SABATA. At least there was "funny" in the article they reported category. The CHAINMAIL project didn't even die this.

Mike Pheby
Phoenix, AZ

Don Jordan
Eugene, OR

SPLATTER SMARTS

I picked up a copy of DEEP RED in Hollywood Books and Peter

Letters to the Editor

PETER TO BOB

Hi, very excited about your new magazine, especially your piece on Steve Pulse. Steve's work made a big impression on me. Just like Steve, I've had a fondness for bizarro films all my life. I actually started reading FAMOUS MONSTERS when I was 10 years old. When I was 18, I'd go to comic book and video stores and hang out with rubber bats, zombie things, and fake blood.

Today, I am studying film at the University of Oregon just for fun, the famous Tondernia (Local where Jack P. Harkness [January 1] is located) was based in TBI (SPLATTER).

My long-term goal is to be a director, but right now I'd be a fan. This year is a growing year in my career.

I thank you and your staff for all being so important insights on the techniques of screenwriting/ film art.

SPLATTER SMARTS

I picked up a copy of DEEP RED in Hollywood Books and Peter

friendly, and I'm very impressed. The magazine looks good and reads well [especially the reviews—I loved the last, "The Mood, as Muffy...or anything."] It's nice to know there are intelligent people out there.

Congratulations on a great magazine. Keep it up and off that.

Michael Disney
Savannah, GA

SHOOTIN' HUMMAH

Picked up a DEEP RED at the local movie shop and wanted to write you a quick note of congratulations. I saw you're covering films by horror fans and I salute you for this. It's so neglected on the part of the *Alberto Carreras* in *Twilight Zone* and *Psalm* (who has seen this yet to be released over here—**MURDER KICK**, **DEVILS**, **MURDER**, **AKASHA**, and **ALICE BEGONE THE MURDER**).

DEEP RED can definitely give **FANGORIA** a run for its money.

I wish you much success.

Craig Leiberman
Kingwood, TX

[Only in either of the silly 'Star ATOMIC FANTASY' or 'FANTASY A-F' in the new.]

COR-CHIP SILVER

Enclosed is \$10. Please send me your next few issues of DEEP RED and send me as a subscriber.

Thank you much. Your magazine is a gem among the chips.

Steve Berkley
Dallas, TX

SLASH CITY RED

Congratulations on the "They" issue of DEEP RED. All of the stories were fun and I especially enjoyed the

interview with David A. Lowe. I was interested in your article, "Women With Guts," because the woman from the my upcoming film, **SLASH CITY**, is "A Horror Film With Guts."

I wish you lots of success with this magazine. There's not enough horror stuff created to satisfy a fan like myself. One suggestion: how about listing the release dates and running times of the films listed in "The Gore Scoreboard."

Gregory Lurkenstein
Brooklyn, NY

MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY

Yo, just got the first issue of the local movie news sheet. Quite impressive. I've read the "Gore Score Board" entries over and over again and am still amazed over **DEEP RED**. The trailer told the truth. The newest issue was filled with.

I can't wait to see No. 2 just for the *Slasher* list. Plus the article on **DEEP RED**, M. B. What did you think of **MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY**? I thought it was kind of wacky. Based in LA, right? Ha, my dad's been called *Wally*—who in their right mind wants to see that? Also, what did you think of **BLAUGHTER** [aka **BLAUPUTT**]? Again, wacky. I'd give it a 3 plus 2 points for the torture scenes and the guy sleeping at the end, but other than that you're holding it in the air on a hot Texas summer day.

Can't wait to see No. 3. I would like very much to get issue after issue. Sometimes I have trouble getting **FANGORIA** down here [so I don't think I'll always be able to get DEEP RED].

I do a mag called **BLAUGHTER** [it's death metal/blast-crust/punk/stoner]. I don't know if you're familiar with any death metal, but most death bands are very influenced by spoken words like "Reptiles" [sic] [I.F.] things like "Split

and Crawl" ["Desecrated," "Pounding Hail," etc. *Death*, *Reptile*].

Keith Brown
Dallas, TX

NEW BLOOD

As a lifelong fan of the horror genre, I was pleased to discover the publication of DEEP RED in a much more local arena here in New York City. About a year ago, I packed up from **MONSTER HOLLOCAUST** while visiting FantaCo in Albany and was looking forward to your next issue. It's great to know that DEEP RED will now regularly report on the world of horror films in a manner just packed with *baaaaayy!*

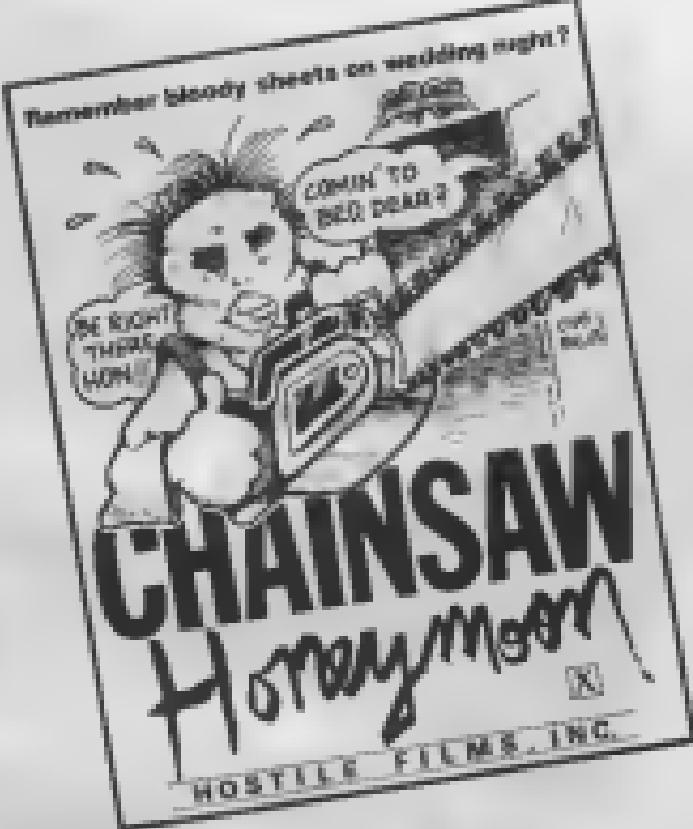
First off, let me comment on one related to the news column. As record sales director, PR person, and part of **ROCK N' ROLL NIGHTMARE**, I must point out that this film is in no way connected to *Rock n' Roll Nightmare* [R&RNN] by *Stephen Entwistle*/Thunder Film production [Jim Clark of *Thunder* appeared in the film as an actor and starred with the P.A.]. The film, which was released on *Academy Video* this past June, was directed by my good friend, John Payne, as a sort of "rest" film for Stephen. He was given an extremely low budget, which John paid into the proper perspective by noting that it matches the budget of Robert Clotz's *THREE* addition, **THE HIBERNATION**. We beat our budgetary limitations by collecting a group of extremely talented and endearing people and doing everything our selves. Most of the credit certainly goes to John, who wrote, produced, directed, and edited the film. He did it in ten days, shooting out from off an location in Tennessee and somewhere. It was a true labor of love. All of the P.A. were created by a talented group of Pete Best actors including *Grease* *Motley* [John Clark, Anthony C. Rao, myself and

John, who, between all his other duties, found the time to design the character, the ultimate survivor, and the finally poor-looking dinner service. Ironically, this was to be the first! Arnold Gentile II created the original Ed Gora, which appears in the film's climax.

In its current state, EDG (previously titled THE EDGE OF HELL) has had two P.R. issues not from its opening reception. The first is a scene of Ed being pulled from a refrigerator by a decomposing corpse. The other is that of a decapitated head splattering onto the kitchen floor. These cuts were "creative" decisions, much to the chagrin of John and myself.

One last thought before I end this letter. Recently something has come to my attention which bothers me a lot. Any true horror fan is familiar with the name Ed Gora, the real-life ghost whose bizarre stories have been the basis for many books and films, the most famous, of course, being PYZORO and THE TEARS OF CHAINSAW MASSACRE. Lately, in such print magazines as PULP CORPUS, I have noticed readers' ads calling for monetarily compensating Ed Gora, Ed by his first name to defend a child's right to enjoy characters like Michael Myers, Jason Voorhees and Freddy Krueger. But the word "charter" is the key term. They are nothing more than that, fictional hypocrisies created to horrify and delight the audience.

Gora is another story. This was a real person who murdered real people in horrible ways. These people had families like you and I who had to deal with the pain and horrors of losing a loved one through an awful manner. I feel that it is the responsibility of magazine like DEEP RED to stress the difference between real life and fiction to the more imaginative reader. The idea of a 12-year-old thinking of Ed



Gora as a character had no thinking of Hitler or David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz as a hero. Perhaps by making this differentiation from them to their (in articles or editorial), we can make the younger readers aware and perhaps, just a little, dampen the parents' objections to magazines and films of this kind.

Well, that's all for now. Thanks for listening and good luck with DEEP RED. I look forward to the next issue!

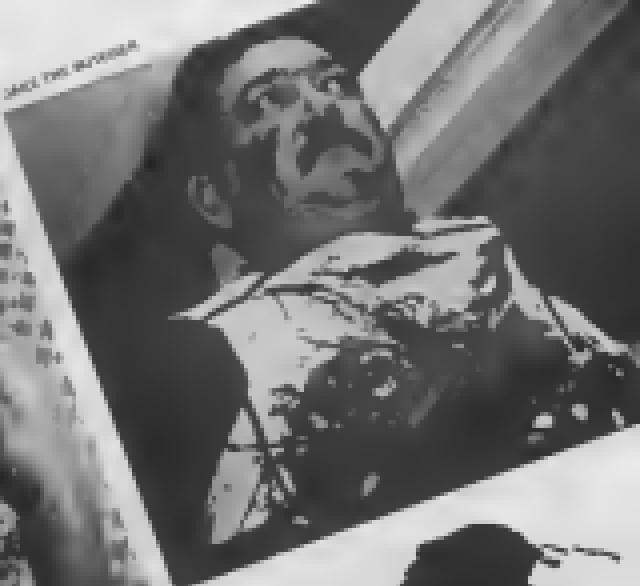
Frank F. Ross
Bronxville, NY

**THE DEAD
ARE HUNGRY
and
they're coming
to eat you alive!**



www.ijerph.org

卷之三



REDNECK ZOMBIES

Dear Class, Myself, Elizabeth, New York City, 1911
graduation, the Drexel Institute, home of Drexel,
the engineer of the future. Drexel Institute was
to be the highest institution for a company that had
settled in Philadelphia. Education with culture
meant a Drexel. Drexel University education with culture
meant the Drexel. The Drexel University, CLASS OF
1911, DREXEL 1911. Drexel's first Party and the
Dances of about a few hundred men, DREXEL 1911.
1911-1912, a graduate, graduated this DREXEL 1911.



on a couple of "pool of boys" who got exposed to aerry dose of radiation that turn them into a bunch of human zombies. Needless to say, they end up as a "fugitive" batch of human girls and guys!

Shot entirely on video in the blood-soaked hills of Maryland, **REDNECK ZOMBIES** is a graphic horror/comedy that really delivers the goods. I recently spent an afternoon with director Paul Lacombe of Trosa for an exclusive CINEMA BIZ interview and preview of the wonderfully sick, distorted film.

The story on how **REDNECK ZOMBIES** came about is almost identical to the one told by George A. Romero and John Russo on the birth of **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**. After an unsuccessful attempt at a career in wrestling (that was one of his first stabs), he went on to study film at the University of Maryland. It was here that Paul created *Batch-Boozer*, his highly-repected classmate like **SHOCK DIARY OF A LOST SOUL**, **THE MUTH THING**, and his Oscar-nominated-winning **AMERICAN FOREIGN FILM**.



"I've always been a horror movie buff," Paul explains. "When I was a little lad, I would sit the tub round out of me, staying up until 2 AM watching 'Chiller Theatre'. I was an fan of **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, as well as some non-classics like **EGGHEADS** and **THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE**, with that woman's head on the table! And that thing behind the wall? And when that guy gets his ass ripped off? God, I loved it!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY TRUCKEE



After college, Paul worked on local documentaries and industrial films as a \$100-a-week production assistant and cameraman. "I really learned a lot because I was working with incredible pros." Soon, Paul felt confident enough to go out on his own. "I put together such a batch of mites who graduated with a media degree from Temple University and another friend of mine from Maryland and we started producing industrial films." Pretty soon, Paul was producing local and network television commercials. After a while, they began to feel creatively stalled. "I would produce set-shots commercials with my eyes closed, we were really getting sick of it."

Although Paul began to find his commercial work枯萎ing, he was becoming well known for his unique approach to advertising. "I was getting a rep as the wacko, cool burns producer in town," Paul explains. "I was really getting my clients a lot of attention and a lot of business." The sense of success gave Paul and his partners, Edward Bailey and George Scott, the confidence to take on their dream project and create their own movie. "I decided—Let's make the movie



an advantage and see if we can market it. They thought I was crazy! After about a year, the stars like ROBERT CRISTI for the mathematics, then THE HUFFS and SPILLS—all that we can. We finally decided to go for it."

From the start, Pen and his partners had to overcome overwhelming obstacles. "We all worked during the week, so the film had to be shot entirely on the weekends. I maxed every hour of the weekend! All the actors were friends of ours that worked for free. We did sign contracts with them, just in case, so if we made some money, they'd see a piece of it. But really, we did it all for the sheer pleasure of working together. We wanted to have this energy going."

In the tradition of all great low-budget genre efforts, Pen and his crew came up with the title REDNECK ZOMBIES before they even had a script. "We decided to take every exploitation

film we ever loved and get a little piece of it in the film. I'm taken about every exploitation film in the genre."

The man doesn't mind. That's one thing from 80's psychedelia to 80's high-tech gone to REDNECK ZOMBIES. What I found most striking about the film is Pen's use of camera angles, dissolves, and point-of-view shots. It's reflecting to see a medium such as video used in new and different ways. There's even a touch of meta-gone.

"What we set out to do is take the *Scary Room* approach," Pen explains. "It all starts out very tongue-in-cheek, but once it looks in, it gets you and doesn't let go!" Indeed! The last 45 minutes of REDNECK ZOMBIES is a goryman's dream! It's all these heads exploding, gut-wrenching, limb-pulling, shit, there's even a baby mouth gobbling up some freshly-grown snarled film, the added

effect of seeing that all on video-tape makes every scene all the more real.

Some of the greatest horror films ever made were created by a small group of dedicated young lesson who worked these hours off, night and day, above everything from makeup FX and stunts to acting in their films themselves. The genius efforts of these "home" left-field-moviemakers have brought us such beloved treasures as *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, *THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE*, *BASKET CASE* and *THE EVIL DEAD*, to name a few. These films possess their own unique charm and originality that is born from the pure joy of making the film. *KILLERZ ZOMBIES* is much a film. A group effort by a bunch of guys, like Paul and me, who decided to make our own banner film. Paul admits, "There were times when we would set up the cameras, put the microphone on a pole, dig a hole for the girls in the ground, then I'd get behind the camera and take all the close-ups. Then I would play a noise and he would take the camera and do my close-up. I mean we were really nickel-and-diming it, but we just kept going. We tried to get as many angles as possible."

When Paul showed his rough cut to the people at Troma, he was immediately complimented for his efforts and Troma bought the film. "They said it was the *BLOODY UNCLIPPER FILM* of the 80's." The film is now at the final stages of editing and should be on your local video store shelf soon.

So see... *KILLERZ ZOMBIES* as the ultimate party tape. The kind of fun, mindless movie that is a ball to watch. It's also the best all-video production I've seen so far. You'll have fun trying to point out all the different tributes to other great genre legends throughout the film, not to mention the terrific pro FX! It's also an excellent film effort by director Paul Des Lassus and his partners in crime Ed Bishop (writer, producer, editor) and George Scott (associate producer, lighting director). I don't want to give away the plot of the film so all I can tell you is **CHECK IT OUT!**



THE KILLERZ FROM TROMA





MARK SHOSTROM: NIGHTMARE MAKER

BY CHAS BALLIN

DR. Which directors know how to handle FX scenes the best?

MS. Sam Raimi knows exactly what he wants and how he's going to use it. When I worked with him, I knew a lot of my stuff would be cut so I wasn't disappointed when I saw the film. We put Ted Raimi in the "Hammerfist" at 11 cuts more and what you see on the screen is maybe two minutes.

DR. How about working with Stuart Gordon?

MS. He was an interesting guy. He had very strong ideas, but unfortunately, they weren't always the same ideas I thought were best. He would do storyboards of a scene then I would do storyboards, too. There was a lot of a conflict there. He was very exacting.

DR. Do directors often supply you with sketches of what it is they want or do they look to you for the expertise?

MS. Sam Raimi storyboarded and sketched the whole film (EVIL DEAD 2). They were fairly comprehensive, detailed drawings—but they got the point across. As far as illustrating specific, Stuart Gordon did a great job. He'd send "Lumpy," the character I'd done for ALIEN FRANCHISE, so he took that idea and went a little further with it and he ended up contributing a lot to the designs used in FROM BEYOND. Stuart would do these great sketches—he has a commercial art background. He's a much better storyboard artist than I ever was...

DR. Do you usually storyboard all your FX sequences?

MS: In *NIGHTMARE 1*, for example, the director had certain ideas he wanted us to storyboard, so I designed a flesh-eating sequence to sell the idea to Eric Shaeffer (producer). In the song, it just called for Freddy to burst out of Rose, that's all it said. I designed a sequence using my animation with some props and photographing it into 35mm prints, pasting them up, making overviews, then drawing it out. The transformation sequence was shot exactly like I storyboarded it. It was great. It was a rare instance where you get to design something and have the ultimate say on how it was to be shot. On the set, they would constantly refer to the storyboards and match it shot for shot.



Special FX have to be shot a certain way, there are technical as well as artistic considerations. No matter how realistic a dummy hand is, it must be photographed a certain way to make it appear realistic on the screen.

"A director who approaches a blood-and-guts film seriously is the worst guy to work for. Stuart gets really excited about things, really enthusiastic, and, in turn, gets you excited and inspired. We have fun and that's the whole point, isn't it?"

<http://www.Catseye.com/~jpm/>

DK: *TO ALL A GOODNIGHT* your first film experience?

MS: It was my first full FX job. I'd done some student films at the American Film Institute, where I made a lot of contacts that I still use today.

DK: The AFI is where David Lynch shot his first film, *DALEKS IN SPACE*, right?

MS: That's right. I worked with Fred Frazee, who shot it, on a couple of early films. *TO ALL A GOODNIGHT* was my first real feature film. I was 24, but I'd never really done FX before. It was kind of a late start for this business. I didn't even decide to come out to California until I was 24, and it was for different reasons. I had been interested in making films I was a little lost, from watching all the old movies.

DK: Which ones?

MS: *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, which is still a very bizarre movie. It was one of the first things I remember seeing and it made quite an impression on me.

DK: Do you think influenced on *FRIDAY THE 13TH* slasherfathers can relate to *GW* like *THE WILDE* or the supposedly scary suggested fugue in great horror films like *Robert Wier's THE HAUNTING*?

MS: *GW* that movie (*THE HAUNTING*) scared the shit out of me one night when I was working late in my studio and I had it on the VCR. I started to get really freaked out. It still holds up, it's a great film. Today, though, the audience wants something that's going to start their over the head.

DK: Even in mainstream films like *John McClane's* initial *GOLDFINGER* there's plenty of really heavy-duty FX sequences.

MS: I see that in a lot of scripts where they have a massive shoot going, then they throw in some heavyweight FX that have nothing to do with



anything. I like to work on a film that has FX, naturally, but they've got to connect with the story.

DR: So what do you remember about working on *TO ALL A GOODNIGHT*?

MS: I did some set dress that worked pretty well, but the thing that was most embarrassing was that I had to make a head replica of one of the actresses and I knew absolutely nothing about what I was doing. The塑膠 head looked nothing at all like the actress and, of course, they just bickered on the set for five years.

DR: How did everyone feel about working with the actress, Linda Blair, who was one of the psycho rejects in the notorious *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT*?

MS: He was a sort of weird person with a natural enthusiasm for the film, he was an amazing guy. I still haven't even seen *LAST HOUSE*.

DR: In your next film, *MUTILATOR* (aka *FALL, BABY, FALL*), were you shocked when you saw that nearly all your FX work was cut out for the theatrical release?

MS: You should have seen the dailies, we had some really gross stuff in the scene where the woman is impaled with the giant fish hook. It was so bizarre. When we were shooting that sequence on the set, we had a full body dummy of the girl.

DR: Didn't they stick that hook up her... um...?

MS: Uh... yeah it was horrible. The weird girl was hooking into trees. At one point, a bloody slobber comes out of the hook, looking like her intestines, and the girl is growling and screaming. Everybody on the set, including me, was just stood ready to throw up, so I'm glad that they trimmed that scene.

"Uh...yeh...it was horrible. The sound girl was breaking into tears. At one point, a bloody condom comes out on the hook, looking like her underwear, and this girl is groaning and screaming."

—DUSTIN HOFFMAN, *REMEMBER THE NIGHT*

I remember taking my girlfriend to that movie we've since split up. It wasn't a very good film, just a ridiculous disaster, but I think it's still better than the *FRIDAY THE 13TH* movies.

DR: How about that bizarre thumping song at the beginning, the hideous "soft rock" number they do "live" on a "Fall Beach"? I knew I was in trouble from the beginning.

MS: (Glares) Yeah, I know. I've got the "Open"

DR: Your other film, *THE SUPERNATURALS*, is a monster movie without the monsters. What happened?

MS: I'm not quite sure. We had to cut our hair to make those eight complete, head-to-toe costumes—plus other weird effects. It's shot on the beach, in the forest, from 10 feet away in the log. You get one or two close-ups of one of the masks and that's it.



FRIDAY THE 13TH, *REMEMBER THE NIGHT*

It was insane. People were on the set storyboard-ing a sequence that was to be shot in the next 20 minutes. They just tried to have some "big ideas" or "Be cool" to hopefully pull it off and make it work. I don't think the film has ever been released to theaters.

I have a friend who did those poor *Cold War* costumes for the monkeys and you never get to see any of these people's hard work—that's what's dis-appointing. What the hell, that was bad! (Laughs) I've still got the mask. Maybe I'll use them in a rock video some day.

DR: What was your favorite FX scene in *REMEMBER THE NIGHT*?

MS: I liked the one you see splitting open in the back. That was the one I worked the hardest on. Of course, it's not very grisly, but the tricky thing was how to get the flesh to split in three places and pull back.

DR: In *PART 3: DREAM WARRIORS* did you feel like the song was "FX heavy"? Too much emphasis on spectacular stunts?

MS: When I first read the script, I thought there were too many FX scenes and too many characters. But if they're going to be loyal to their audience, they're going to keep on with the heavy FX scenes. Gets warmer and warmer. My only regret on *PART 3* was that at the time, I was really exhausted and could only take one two responses.

DR: Would you consider the "Proteus creature" in *FRIDAY BEYOND* to be your most ambitious project yet?

MS: Yeah, sure, especially for the money. They didn't know what they wanted. I submitted 20 sketches and ideas to them, but they made a last-minute decision and I sculpted a small version of the creature the night before we got the green light.

"I'd like to do a film with Karel Reisz, who did *WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN*. That's one of the best films I've ever seen. I just wish I was in makeup back then, I would've loved to work on that film."

DR: What was your inspiration for the design?

MS: I did a lot of research into mermaids and based my sketches on things like that.



DR. You know the face do look like something from a *Hammer* film, something.

MS. I get a lot of inspiration from *Hammer* movies. They didn't want just a man in a suit, so I designed a head that could include a man on a giant board! His right arm would be the neck and hand and, obviously, the way the legs move, there's no one writing them. They were not propagated on an elevated stage. Everything on it moved. Even Kinski did some dramatic movements. Sometimes, when the lights are strobing, it looks like it could be stop-motion animation. It looked a little like a *Hammer* movie.

DR. It must feel great to get a chance to work with a director who are really tuned into the genre and willing to take chances. Like Stuart Gordon. *WHAT'S ED-ABLE TOE*, the best thing to come down the pipe as a long, long time.

MS. Both Stuart and Sam Raimi have a real mad scientist streak in them. Stuart was more in *ED-ABLE TOE*; he was covered with blood but it was also so funny. A director who approaches a blood-and-guts film seriously is the worst guy to work for. Stuart gets really excited about things, really enthusiastic and, in turn, gets you excited and inspired. We have fun and that's the whole point, isn't it?

DR. What do you feel was your most sophisticated FX scene in *EVIL DEAD 2*?

MS. Obviously, the most proud of "Bennigan." That was my baby for the show. It was hard and there was a lot involved. We worked nonstop for nine or ten weeks and they went to North Carolina and worked another three months. There were so many damned FX in that one! We were on the set every day doing one gag or another, or prepping for the next one.

If I were to do that again, I'd just have to ask for 20 times the money and a year to prep it (Laughs). (MS. does.)

DR. What are your future plans?

MS. I love doing good horror films, but I do want to branch out. Doing young and character movies, things like that.

DR. What films are responsible for maintaining the high level of interest in genre FX work?

MS. *THE SHINING* to me. It just blew me away what could be done with makeup. *AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON* started the ball rolling out here in California. I mean, nothing like that had ever been done before.

I really love going to movies that colleagues of mine have worked on. They're really an inspiration to the bunch.

Making is really fun to do. I don't know what other people think when I'm here, late at night, slathering their makeup, but it sure beats sitting at a desk all day. Working with makeup in the movies, is always really creative. There's always something new, a new script or the mad genius you're working with, that you could do.

"FRANKENSTEIN would be incredible to do by the book. The whole image of the **FRANKENSTEIN** monster out in the Arctic, floating away on the ice floe. Incredible image! I'd just love to see that film made."

DR. Who would you really like to work for?

MS. I'd love to do a film with Kevin Kline who did **WHAT'LL STOP THE RAIN**. That's one of the best films I've ever seen.

DR. Yet the one based on Robert Coover's *The Dog Soldiers*.

MS. If it's an incredible film I just wished I was in making it, then, I would've liked to work on that film.

I also like Peter Weir *GLORY*, *WAVE, GALLIPOLI*, *WITHNAIL*, but most of the directors I really like aren't what you would call "guru directors." And David Lynch, too, I'd love to work with David Cronenberg, he's really imaginative and knows how to use FX, you couldn't ask for more.

DR. What films or FX scenes have recently impressed you?

MS. Same film is about history? *House*. That's a good question. *AMERICAN WEREWOLF*, of course, I was blown away with what Rick Baker did, it was incredible. And the other would be *THE ELEPHANT MAN*. Chris Tucker's makeup is so incredibly real, that was a helluva tough number to pull off.

I'm more impressed with realistic character makeup. Any *Dick Smith* aging makeup impresses me more than any change lead. My favorite makeup job of his is Peter Menna in *THE EXORCIST*. I was 16 when I first saw it.



DR. You grew up on some of the older classics, the Universal ones. Do you think we'll ever see another film to compare with *FRANKENSTEIN*, *THE WOLFMAN*, or any of the other classic screen titles?

MS. Horror films have changed a great deal. I still watch *THE WOLFMAN* and *FRANKENSTEIN* films, those films were done so radically different than the way horror is done now. I think one problem today is there's just not enough originality. They're doing the same things over and over. And that's really the fault of the writers, the producer. You know, "Well, this film was successful, so let's take one half of its elements and build another story around that." On the other hand, you've got really original thinkers like Sam Raimi and Stuart Gordon.

DR. Don't you think evil's being equated to death in the 80's?

MS. Well, they're always doing sequels, even in the 80's. Then, it was "The *Go*," "The *Go*," "Attack *Go*," etc. I mean now it's *Part 2*, *3*. It really doesn't bother me because most of these sequels are still evolves. I think the character of Freddy Krueger deserved to be seen in sequels.

DR. It seems like we've reached the end of the "Kirk Karr" cycle until something like *THE STEPFATHER* comes upon the scene. It made psychos look familar.

MS. I just saw it the other day. It was great. Fantastic.

DR. Is there any film that you're dying to see get made? A remake of an old classic or something you think needs to be made?

MS. That's easy—*FRANKENSTEIN*. Why hasn't anybody remade that and done it right? Do it by the book—Shelley's book. It would be more of an intellectual film.

DR. Great idea. You could do the FX and David Cronenberg could direct.

MS. (Laughs) *FRANKENSTEIN* would be incredible to do by the book. The whole image of the *FRANKENSTEIN* monster out in the Arctic, floating away in the ice floe. Incredibly macabre. In the book, he taught himself to read and write and the film all have been past a lumbering out. I'd just love to see that film remade. So if De Laurentiis is listening (Laughs).



LEATHERFACE IN LOVE: Post-Chainsaw Dating Etiquette

You've to admit that being a movie star isn't what I thought it would be. I had this idea that I'd date lots of women that any person would overvalue, people that don't say no. You would somehow be like the wife that's been married to the *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE*. You know - "What's *Grease*?" "What's *Grease*?" You know what I mean? That sort of thing.

I mean, I was just now. The truth is that I have made very little money, most people don't even recognize me, and those who do recognize me consider me a *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE*. The only time was with the movie I was in. It was *THE LOST CITY*, the *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE*, and I was supposed to help some people in the *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE* to get through the world there.

BY GUINNAR HANSEN

According to me that's *black*. I don't mind that it didn't work out the way I expected, because it's the movie *that* did. To begin with, I thought I would make a few hundred thousand dollars, enough to get back the *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE*, and I expected that after everything worked, *the movie* would have made a lot more.

At least I figured the high positive we would be the premise of an Austin, Texas theater one October night in 1974. The manager had been nice enough to let me in free because I convinced him I really had been in the movie. Thus for the first time, I saw the gory thing we had created. For the first time, I saw myself on the screen. I never argued with that machine. I saw what all of us really looked like, the grotesque family that killed people, cut them up with a chainsaw, and sold them as meat. I thought it was wonderful. My date walked out in the middle of it. Afterwards, a few friends gathered in the parking lot behind the theater where they signed the *Guaranteed Return Fan Club* charter in red ink and then gave me a signed chainsaw. We had a great time that night. And we figured that was that.

But right away things changed. Almost immediately the movie began to get attention, mainly because of its violence. People began to complain, saying it should be rated X. This changed two years later with a cover story in *Newsweek* called "Purists vs. *Parasite*," in which the writer called the movie an example of the "dark genius of the human spirit." Of course, many people

"No one knows, nor are we ever likely to know, how much money CHAINSAW made. All we know is that we saw almost none of it."

lost to get all worked up about *CHAINSAW* (but, they're not nearly as infatuated as those who focus on it, boasting about "a long-formed to gain integrity" and "serious travel costs").

The complaints drew people all over the country to the theaters to see what the fuss was about. The kind of attendance we realized, might cost us a lot of money. And, with the business, we saw that the movie would become much, much more than we had ever expected.

Honestly, the first quarter-ended with no money but those things, we were scared, took them. After all, the production company people said, the first money would be held by the theaters for 90 days before they had to send the distributor 90 percent of it. Thus, the distributor would not send us our 60 percent of that money for another



90 days. That meant we would not see any money until after six months after the release. And it might actually be nine months before the increasing momentum of the film's success would be reflected in the receipts.

Finally after nine months, the first checks arrived, the ones we had waited for so long. The ones that were to be so big.

I got less than \$20.

In the meantime, *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE* continued to make more and more money. Some people were estimating a gross between \$15 and \$20 million—out had far a movie that had cost less than \$150,000 to shoot. But the distributor's accounting reports were so confusing no one could make any sense out of them. No one really knew how much money the stores made.

Assassins were flying.

The production company began to charge the distributor with ripping us off. There was talk that the distributor had double and triple-counted their expenses, had hidden expenses, and then had created an accounting system to compute that no one could make sense of it.

Others, actors included, began to charge the production company itself with selling us out with intentions making a deal that cut the small share holders out.

"When she heard that, not only was I an actor, but I had been in that film, she became very friendly. She snuggled up to me and stroked me with her voice. I finally agreed to take her to see the movie the next night."

The excitement grew heavier and the tempers grew hotter. Some people decided to sue the production company, though they were assured us that they were as mystified as we about what was happening. Either the movie simply was not making the money we thought it was, they said, or the distributor was ripping us off. So, the production company filed suit against the distributor.

Of course, after years of charges and counter charges, threats and lawsuits, and out-of-court settlements, I certainly don't pretend to know what happened to the money. No one knows, nor are we ever likely to know, how much money *CHIANGMAI* made. All we know is that we are almost never off it.

Still, it's not so bad I remember early on, when I realized we weren't going to see any money, thinking that my movie career was done just fine. After all, I could legitimately call myself a movie star, and that had certain advantages. I mean, after all, there's nothing quite so appealing or commanding to women as a movie star.

Or so I thought. Soon after the movie went out, a friend advised that since I was now a "Movie Star," I should meet some women who were impressed with actors. It took only one, though, for me to decide he was wrong.

One night he took me to meet her. He drove me to a large apartment building in Austin, and introduced me to a woman who was one of the most strikingly beautiful I had ever met. I caught my breath and had a hard time speaking—

Not that at firsthand I didn't have to say anything. When she heard that, not only was I no actor, but I had been in that film, she became very friendly. She snuggled up to me and stroked me with her voice. I finally agreed to take her to see the movie the next night.

When I arrived to pick her up, she was already parking—and so was I. She suggested a quick drink before dinner, and then said we should come back to her apartment after the show and settle in on the couch for a while. I could quickly see where this was leading. I could see I would like being a Movie Star. She rubbed against me as we drove off to experience *TEXAS CHIANGMAI*.

Closer together in the darkness of the theater, we watched me on the screen. We watched as I killed my first victim, with a facsimile. We watched my favorite scene, in which I impaled my victim on a crest hook. We watched as I used the chair to carry another one to his wheelchair. We watched the whole nasty little story unraveled.

She was strangely quiet as the drive home later. I didn't mind, though. I was occupied with thoughts of what we were going to do when we got behind the locked door of her apartment.



As we walked to her door, she lifted her hand from her purse. She began to speak as she did the key into the lock. "Thank you," she said. "It was very interesting."

She opened the door slightly and turned toward me. She then slipped through the door and shut and locked it.

Obviously she had not liked the movie.

And like many others would in later years, she had somehow confused me with the character I had played.

So now when I meet someone who wants to see the movie with me, I suggest she not see it. After all, it's just another horror movie, the kind I would never go to myself, had I not been in it. I can't stand horror movies, they say. They scare me.

It usually works.

Now, whenever I see CHAINSAW, I feel a certain irony. It means I have, after all, gained a degree of fame. And that is something that most of us would love to have, if we're honest about it. I know every shadow role there is. And none of them is witty. I once woke someone up in the middle of the night to talk about the movie to offer up some new words. Every time someone comes up to me and asks me for an autograph or signs of I really was in that movie, I feel both the thrill of acceptance and a certain disappointment. More than just a loss of privacy, the attention looks me up being, in most people's eyes, nothing more than that fellow who killed people back then.

I'd like to be free of all that, but I also admit that there is a certain comfort in it, a confirmation of myself through the attention of others. I can't get around that. Sometimes I even think that, instead of playing down my role in CHAINSAW, I should play it up. I should make the most of it.

"And I think CHAINSAW, in spite of all the jokes from my friends, is something to be proud of. It is well made, much better made than some people are willing to admit."

I think that whenever I see Bubba Stank up off the top of another Miller Lite can. When I first saw him do it, I realized that's what I should be doing. So I wrote to Miller's ad agency, suggesting maybe the killer from CHAINSAW should be cutting the tops of the cans off with a chainsaw and making appropriate jokes.

They never answered my letter.



"In fact, I'd even do it again. But I would. But with a better contract."

I've thought of other ads, non-American Express. After all, no one sees my face in the movie. And if Steven King can do it, so can I. Or McCullough characters—I can see that one easily enough. Why could we a clip of the film, leather jacket and all, and run from that in a shot of me in a backyard scene talking about all the new lawn furniture I made with my chainsaw.

The possibilities are endless.

Of course, none of it will happen. I mean, there's a certain responsibility missing in this kind of career. If I am to decide the movie was worth doing, it has to be for what I have gotten from it so far, because things aren't going to get better.

But, even on those terms, the movie was worth doing. At least I was miserable, so we all were, while making it. We struggled through shooting sessions that sometimes dragged on for 16 hours straight. We sat up with smoking food, sitting under the lights, and the stink of our clothes which we couldn't wash for fear of damaging them. One night, precariously balanced on my high-heeled boots and peering through a mask that almost blinded me, I fell and pitched the chainsaw up onto the darkness ahead the lights. I covered my head and waited for it to hit. It landed beside me, still running. All of us took



site like that. During the six weeks of shooting, we were all slowly ground down by the heat and exhaustion, and at times we wondered why in the world we were doing it. But the movie certainly was worth making. If you're much out of it that whatever money I went through didn't amount to much.

Making *CHAINSAW* was an amazing experience. It was the first time I worked with people who were good at what they did. I saw that I wanted more of that. It taught me a lot about film and, in its aftermath, about the film business. It also taught me a lot about fans, about my privacy, and about what is valuable to me. And even though the movie has always been a mixed blessing in a way, the experience of making it and of seeing what has happened since then, has been good for me.

And I think *CHAINSAW*, in spite of all the jabs from my friends, is something to be proud of. It is well made, much better made than some people are willing to admit. And, in spite of the reviews of critics, even those who clearly have never seen the movie, it is not particularly graphic. No limbs are shown being cut off, no heads explode, like

they do in the more respectable movies like *RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK*. There are a couple of scenes, though, that make even me wince, and there is plenty of blood, but almost everything in the movie is implied, so I don't think I'll spoil today that story.

Now does it bother me that I was in such a movie? If *CHAINSAW* is part of America's movie-perceived moral decay, the movie itself cannot be blamed. It is, at most, only a symptom of that decay (that "wet rot" as Blagojevich puts it, not a cause). But I doubt it is even that. Maybe it's just a way for the viewer to get the hell scared out of him and to come out feeling a little different. Maybe it just fills some need people have. Or maybe the movie is mostly worthless. But to claim that *TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE* is evil is just plain foolishness.

In fact, I'd even do it again. Sure I would. Just with a better contract.

HERE'S BLOOD IN YOUR EYE

BY DENNIS
DANIEL



PILOT: Michael Jackson in *They Live* (1988).

I, ZOMBIE!



Ah, *Zombie*. How we love them! How we long to hear the creeping sounds of fleshly gnawed at brains coming down their gullets with molasses slowness. How we thrill to the bloody sight of plucking human brains being pulled and torn from the body of a screaming person and shaved indiscriminately into the aching mouth of the living dead. How we long for the day when our local movie house brings in the latest咀嚼咀嚼咀嚼 from the likes of Romero, Steven, Argento, Parks, Sarrant and Rabbitt. Let's face it, we grew bony, not rock individual! Why do we enjoy this mindless garbage? Why would we rather watch Stuart Gordon's *REANIMATOR* instead

of *OUT OF AFRICA*? What makes a government tick?

Let's begin at the beginning. On the first day, George created *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*. The 1968 independent film production has passed into legend among genre fans and critics alike. Even after repeated viewings it still retains an element of terror and danger that makes it unique among horror films. I believe it's the first true *True Grit* zombie film and the catalyst for all that was to follow. In essence, we would not be here without it. Much has been written and said about this transforming film and its director, George A. Romero, so I won't dwell on its cinematic history. Suffice to say that what the discovery of electricity is to the light bulb, *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* is to the zombie genre. It gave us our first taste of human animals consumed by the living dead and helped to create an entire new breed of the horror film genre. The *Zombie Gore* Film. Why did we love it? We couldn't explain. Where is it? It was a new horror that! With aspirations never before proposed on film in graphic, gory detail!

On the second day, George created *DAWN OF THE DEAD*. Instead of black-and-white, he made the film in color, saw the zombies flying and said, "That is how I 'feel' it is, and it is fun!" There is no greater film quote than *DAWN OF THE DEAD*.

That is how I 'feel' it is, and it is fun!

Once again, George Romero looks new ground creating a film that is as much visual art as it is pure horror. I will never forget what it was like watching this film for the first time:



Huh? A door that opens? Eek! They blow a guy's head into pure off-trail! Shut howdy! And how about that black female zombie biting clean through her husband's arm and neck? And this is just the first ten minutes? You want more? Okay, what say we get down that here biker and rip him the fuck open? Shut like that just won't do! Straight shot no edits. Allah be praised this movie has guts. Like you, my grandfather heyo-ho and tootsie, I was hooked big time. My eyes behold hollocopter blades slicing open a head. Zombies skillfully marching out on inserted dismembered body parts held loosely in their hands. In gore content alone this film made 'KILLING' itself. I kept asking myself, who am I enjoying this? but some deep-rooted, primitive urge to consume man questions of course?

Thus, suddenly I realized why I knew at all couldn't happen! Isn't that the basis of all horror? Shut like this just doesn't happen? When I watch a zombie film, I feel safe. And even though cannibalism does exist, these fuckers are so deepest, darkest Africa, shriveling, heads and marching out on Peace Corp volunteers.

Perhaps another reason why we enjoy zombie films so much is comedy. That same urge that

makes us close down when we drive by a car accident. Maybe we like confronting death and walking away in one piece. Even if it's only a film.

One thing: For me, as the years go by, the makeup FX just keep getting ridiculous. Before Two films that come immediately to mind are DAY OF THE DEAD and RE-ANIMATOR. I was at the world premiere of DAY OF THE DEAD in New York and it was an experience I'd always treasure. Imagine, an entire theatre full of gore-heads with all of the gore of the film. Janos and Romero watching the movie with us! And then those FX. Everyone was going apeshit! With every effect came a howl of delight and a round of applause. The number on the operating table stretching up and peeling out? The amputation! The head cut in half by the shovel? The body with no face just a brain? Boy! All these Army amputees being torn apart! It was pure therapy in mass! One big room full of a bunch of gore-heads like you and me. Barking in a sea of blood.





RE ANIMATOR goes on routines brought to life by a gross, gleaming serum. It also gives us some of the best FA acting and direction in the genre. I don't think there's a person on the planet who doesn't like **RE ANIMATOR**. With the exception of Romero's *zombie* films, no other horror comedy combines the fine elements of humor, horror, gore, and storyline as well as this modern classic. **RE ANIMATOR** is more than a horror film, it is a work of art.

The zombie myth has been handled in different ways by different directors than adding an element of variety to the genre. Italian directors like Lucio Fulci (**EVIL DEAD**) and Andrea Bianchi (**BURIAL GROUNDS**) like to serve their zombies after they've been dead a long time with plenty of maggots and worms squirming around empty eye sockets and lots of decomposed gore on. The



The Night of the Living Dead

**BURIAL
GROUND**

With blood splattered, zombies have invaded our world. On these pages of *Police* readers are the most frightening stories and the ones that have frightened millions since *Resident Evil* came to the rest of *Police*'s ZOMBIE! *Police* staffers have interviewed the likes of *Resident Evil* stars, *Deadly Intent* creator and *Resident Evil* star Milla Jovovich and more. In the *Police* *zombie* you will find your answers.

**DIRECTED BY:
GEORGE A. ROMERO**

produced *DEADLY*, wouldn't readers want to see the movie? Check out the next issue to see George Romero's *RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD*, the whole zombie nation is turned upside down. *Zombie* fans, make sure and vote for them off!

Who do we have ourselves? *Resident*, *dead* down, we're *zombie* *dead*! *zombie* *dead*, who's trying to get a *deadly* *dead*? *Resident*, are you? *Zombie* come on to *zombie* *zombie*? And, *dead* of all *dead*, are *dead* *dead*? *Whether* you're *black*, *white*, *yellow*, or *red*, if you stand up with a *zombie*, you're *zombie* *dead*! *Look* *dead* *now*!

I used to be normal... happy... well-adjusted...
but that was before...

ZOMBIE HIGH



CHILDREN SHOULDN'T
PLAY WITH
DEAD THINGS!





BARKER RAISES HELL!

BY TODD
FRENCH

HELLRAISER, the directional debut of Boston horror sensation Clive Barker, combines the best elements of his *Books of Blood* series, and is one of the most thematically-ungirded horror flicks in years, putting him up there with Stuart Gordon as one of the genre's leading interpreters. It could also be the ideal film for the New Age of Charity which seems to have gripped America these days.

Case in point, a brief synopsis: an amoral biker chick looking for sex (she's got involved with Penthouse's Zontana from hell, who got her hooked on supernatural sadomasochism) ultimately forcing him to struc. Later, her brother's wife (with whom he once had an affair) continues to bring him back from the dead in an attempt to escape her own joyless marriage. But "half dead" leads to a number of head-buzzing red exorcisms, tame the regenerated dead man with flesh and blood to regain his human form.

An In-Depth Analysis of "Hellraiser"

—

Of course, the movie is much more complex than the like-some of the best works (*The Death and Structure*, "Age of Decay," etc.) from Barker's *Books of Blood* series, the horror springing from the physical expression of its characters. The movie is also a pastiche of other genre unloaders such as FAUST or POLTERGEIST, with the house where all the horror has occurred breaking down in true *Curse of the Demon* fashion. Yet despite all that, **HELLRAISER** still manages to maintain its own uniquely original sense of pure sexual malice, which I haven't seen since Stuart Gordon's *PRIM & BEYOND*, with its blending of floppy Lovecraftian horrors and notting thunders. **HELLRAISER** is an altogether smarter and better film.

The "Intruder" of the title is a sort of *Chicago* pando-bee-doorway-into-another-dimension, the *Lament Configuration*, which dissolves sexual advances. Frank (John Goodman) buys somewhere in the Great West (good apparently prevents addressed of physical pleasure at the hands of the year's greatest, the *Caravans*, demons dedicated to the pursuit of sensuality. Unfortunately for Frank, the *Caravans* represent natural abilities, with their black leather duds and do-it-yourself appendicectomies, are that now, as usual, Frank gets filtered in their temple-can-tar-jay charter.



But, of course, the film is just beginning. Soon after, Frank's respectable (and dull) brother Larry (Andy Robinson, totally unrecognizable from his role in *Scrooge* in *SHIRTY HARRY*) and soft John (Class Higgins), who once had an affair with Frank, move into the hapless brother's house. All most immediately, John starts to have whoppers from a certain woman in the top floor by which she soon becomes inexplicably drawn. When Larry cuts himself and spills some blood on the bare boards of the room, it enables the partially impaled Frank to run up from the floorboards.

Having escaped the clutches of the *Caravans*, Frank trades on John's past afflictions, seducing her into finding return to satisfy his cannibalistic appetites. However, John's lively young step-daughter Kenny (Audrey Landers) gets wind of the pony goings-on, and by the film's climax, is not only breaking off her mother's grossly incestuous advances, but also the *Caravans* who's been sucking better than 10 (literally) get their books back into Frank.

As you can see, Barker's *Love With The Impaler Corps* extends as far beyond the laws of good taste (as in his fiction) as takes real maniacs glee in trashing as many values as possible. His cyphers are a billion light years from our conception of the usual *shameless* *Reversal* *Rebels*. Barker's actions don't tend to just mess up your spine, they want to get it on with your skin members and victims spend as much time pumping out of their fleshes as in their skins. All this tied in with the film's tone of escalating permissivity and Barker's own sexual politics.

In any unvaried hack's hands, this could have all ended up as pure grind-house fodder, but the flick is a class act all the way because of Barker's refreshingly original imagination and his delicious sexual taste which makes the film an experience a genre doted at Steven Gordon's *BLIND SPOT*.

Barker's control is evident from the very beginning with a uploaded tray of scenes that sets up the plot with great economy. Frank purchases the *Lament Configuration* (a wonderful symbol for the law of desire and reduction from a smoky Great West) knowing the book's mystery. Thus the grisly aftermath with a pin-clawed *Caravans* making a grave puzzle out of the ill-fated victim's face. (Isn't that like that we're sucked in, wondering what the hell's going on and barely able to catch our breath as Barker lets us with a giddy train of progressively horrific set pieces.)

Apart from the central pleasure of *HELLRAISER*-Barker's recognition of the human inherent in the manipulation of desire-one of the mistakes in the way the movie unfolds is a sense of escape, starting as a world of desire and now which needly explains why characters move directly into one extension of domination after another. Everyone in *HELLRAISER* is trying to



find some reprieve from a trifling and unsatisfying existence. John and Lucy return with Frank's old idea to recharge a fizzled marriage. John's acceptance of Frank's gloppy advances to escape the drudgery of the passionless Jennifer (Kathy), Krost's own attempt at independence, the (false) escape offered by the Lunatic Configuration. In the context, it's not hard to see why Barker's new bourgeois family, the Cottons, start to resemble a Charles Adams nightmare, or why a vital, beautiful woman like Julia turns up with the first nasty ghost to come along.

And it's the Eric and Thornton shenanigans that give *HELLRAISER* its main charge. The film's love story is the twisted kind of an EC comic book (though Barker never lets the necrophilia angle get so extreme that the film is unwatchable). It's mesmerizing on an aphrodisiac level watching Frank and Julia making snooty eyes at each other on the beautiful but decimated sofa, flowing through the act of murder. The mixture of perverse sensuality and conventional desire is unlike anything the genre has seen in a long time.

Barker also inserts a number of neat visual conceits and gags throughout the movie. For example, the shapes-of-Christ that are everywhere in Frank's house (though during the dead man's resurrection and later his own "resuscitation"). Also, the measured and mysterious devilish who pops up now and again by ghost. Kathy and who turns out to be the film's not-to-be-a-guardian angel in disguise, but presumably the demon who tempted the Cottons into perdition, ready to start the cycle over. There's also an effective scene in a hospital, crosscutting between Kathy as she's trying to solve the Lunatic Configuration and the tattered image of a new-to-her TV updating the "blissfully" barren of the parallel world she's about to tumble into.

Barker also injects a strong underlying theme of voyeurism in the proceedings (one of the nuttiest touchstones in Tobe Hooper's *LIFEFORCED*) given the film's love of greater invasion. The lesson about in the way Barker goes in there of Frank gloating over Julia's bloody handwork the Cottons enjoying Frank's suffering, etc.

Well one of the things that really struck me about the movie is how economical it is in terms of its action. And for a couple of reasons, the action pretty much takes place on one level and it's all fairly muted in tone. Yet, it is so rich in its director's powerfully macabre vision that it makes the recent big-budget movies of John Carpenter and John Carpenter's *They Live* look like gaudily decorated hamsters on their way to the nearest tax jets.

Everything seems right. The nicely detailed performances by Higgins and Roberts, and, hell, even Ashley Lawrence beats out Jennifer (KRIEGER) Connelly for the Palme d'Or. (And she's a nice departure from the usual vapid innocent chicks we've become accustomed to.) And as usual, Barker writes really terrific dialogue with the intentions getting the best loss as always. My favorite when Lawrence discovers the rotting Frank masquerading under her dad's slick skin and scalding him, prompting the ghoul to snarl, "Well, no such for the cat and mouse show?" Barker, when Lawrence is told by one of the Connellys, "Please no team. It's a waste of good suffering."

The technical credits are surprisingly good, despite the budget constraints. Production designer Mike Fuchsen's conception, ranging from the pychosis-adderall-esque breakdown of Frank's house to a no-star Doctor Chamber from Hell, are superb. The special effects by Bob Korn are, on the whole, pretty impressive (especially the great metal set piece with Frank's skeletal remains bursting through the floorboards), but he deserves a week being booked in a Canadian motel for allowing the godawful "Reaper" (dressed for us not yet yet, the wheelchair-bound?) to make it into the final part. Equally laughable but more令人印象深刻的 is the director's transformation of the final cut scene into that look like a dehydrated CHEDDAR, THE THREE-MILAZED MONSTER. Reba Wiegert's cinematography is very effective at exploiting pooling shadows and shadowed staircases.

But it's Barker's unique visual gifts which really help make this such an suspenseful debut. His Connellys are truly terrifying creatures (these guys make Jason and Freddy look like the Care Bears and Care Bears all wrapped into one!) and the stuff of all our worst nightmares. They may

from a feature film with the worked teeth I've ever seen, to (my favorite) a scalded kid with shreds. These guys are real Adult Monsters for the 80's. Done for Thrill, over the slushy seducer even when he's dropping samples from his bone. He never fails, despite the tone of latex. He's got anything but an all-too-recognizable character.

Barker also comes up with a nice *Whalebone*-style closing scene which addresses all our wantons about our choices of random sex partners in which a victim to be picked up by falls immediately turns vicious before meeting his doom. The movie yields some nice surprises as a second viewing as well (the image of one of the Connellys lurking down on a wall in the opening scene with Frank purchasing the Latest Condoms).

Some honest hounds may be mystified by Barker's more intelligent approach to the genre, but there is certainly enough gore to make most splatter fans happy, with Frank's eventual death as bloody as any could hope for. And what the Connellys do to Frank at the film's climax has to be one of the most disturbingly surreal images in horror movies in the last few years.



There's not to say that the film does not have its problems. Barker could still learn something about pacing (there are a few draggy spots here and there), and perhaps, no more chaotic "heartbeat" effects anymore, you guys. Give us a break! The ending also turns into one of those trite-as-fuck-for-a-film-trailer-for-a-film-trailer-for-a-film-trailer-for-a-film-trailer (the POLTERGEIST) as Kenny and her boyfriend flee from the house (and that damn "longer-than" model!). It really does feel like, and the stars could have benefitted from a bit more humor. More interesting is that big splatter genre pitfall: the terrified human comes out of hiding and sets hysterically in plain sight while a household creature is racing around. Come on, Clive, use those writer-filmmaker assets of yours.

However, there are little qualities in critiquing the film that impress Barker has fashioned, as ingeniously designed as the Lament Configuration (hey, look at the opening scenes with the interplay between Robinson trying to stave the marriage bed option, John's flashback of Frank, then Robinson cutting himself on a nail, symbolizing the blood which will seal the diabolical marriage between Paul and Frank). The case is evident in every frame.

Like a lot of truffi, I have to admit I was captured away by all the hype (the drooling Stephen King quote, "I Have Seen The Future Of Horror. And It Is Named Clive Barker") before beyond hype. Then I saw the wretched RAVENOUS (based on a story from his first book of fiction and my convert's faith dissolved to ungracious as I prepared for the most不堪的 situation from *WE ARE What We Are*), *Cronos*, John (Who's the Apparition? Going to bad) Carpenter, and *Tobe* (Fucking Fuck) Hooper. But happily, HELLRAISER confirms what I had prayed for—that Stuart Gordon will not be the only dominant cinematic force for the genre in the late 90's.

With an blend of toxic eroticism and ectoplasm and visions of randy corpses and eternal damnation (we know from the beginning that The Beast Must Die, it's just a matter of when and how many he'll take with him), HELLRAISER is the derridae debut of a pure master who is redefining the limits of his field.

Or, as Frank would probably say in his Wagner-worship Crowley sign-off, you can't keep a good corpse down, or his master.





NEWS

SPLASHES

BY CHAS. BALLIN

New Jersey—

Ted Bates of Pilgrim Communications, Inc. has announced four upcoming films which should be of interest to every red-blooded DR reader. Ted produced the venture, FX-flicks **THE DEADLY SPAWN** (1988), a nutty kinda monster movie which returned a healthy profit on a zacco-budget of well under \$1000 000. Bates has a hand in writing, producing, directing, and designing the FX in these new films and by the looks of the skills he's provided independent genre filmmakers a shot and well in layman's terms!



IMPROVEMENTS

SLIGHTLY ASTONISHING STORIES is a sci-fi/birth/romantic/monster directed by Glenn Takahashi with FX provided by Ed French, Brian Quinn and Mark Sullivan (BUBBOP, HOUSE II).



DEADLY SPAWN II: METAMORPHOSIS is currently in pre-production with shooting to commence in the middle of March. **SPAWN II** will also be directed by Glenn Takahashi with Visual Effects handling the FX chores.



MINDKILLER is about an except young librarian who learns the secrets of mind expansion and telekinetic control through a self-help journal only to have his over-sized brain turn into a rampaged monster that bursts from his skull and takes on a life of its own. Directed by Mike Knauer, with FX designed and supervised by Ted Bates and created by Vincent Guarino (adapted by Pat Dooley). **MINDKILLER** is in the can now, due for release in February, 1988.

SHADOWVISION, a trilogy of stories written and directed by Boba, with FX by Guarino, Brian Queen and John Deak, is now half complete and should be out before summer.

Hollywood...

Camp Nelson Pictures recently hosted a righteous so-birds-turned party at the Egyptian Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard to celebrate their first birthday and to promote their first major option picture: Fred Olen Ray's **HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS**. The film stars Dennis (Leatherface) Haskins, Larissa Quigley, Michelle Bauer, Jay



Richardson, and Ray's wife, Dawn Richardson, who came in a deliciously unclad, sexually perfunctory as one of the hookers under suspicion for a series of chain-saw slayings. The film is a funky, frequently hilarious, porn-style thriller with plenty of the exploitation staples: blood, boobs, and buttass.

Great to see an unmasked Caesar Hansen, who, incidentally, has one helluva time getting his cleavage started during a buxom sacrifice at the cult's temple. Lassie Quigley saves the day with her "Virgin Dance of the Double Chainsaw" and ends up cutting Caesar down to size.

HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW Hookers

They charge an arm and a leg!

Ray deserves much credit for carrying on a film that looks really good and nasty. Between its low budget limitations, camerographer Scott Bonner is also to be commended for giving the film a proper moody atmosphere look and letting whatever there the modest sets only exhibit by clever lighting and imaginative camera placements.



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Comp Morion Patten is also currently shooting DEATH ROW DINER, starring Michele Bauer and Ray Richardson again, and directed by Dennis Wood. Filming concluded on November 11 at the Lincoln Highline Theatre, a conveniently dilapidated building that hasn't been used in over a decade. A school electrocuted there thirty years ago seems to boast and kill a film crew who've just arrived at the place to shoot a movie about the "deceased."



And, meanwhile, across town... Phillips and Merv Entertainment (Lassie Quigley's colleagues) have announced their intentions to enter both the R-rated film and home video market with several upcoming genre productions: TAN TALISSE, starring Lassie and directed by Dave DeCicco (CREEPOPOIDS, LADY AVENGER). THE IMPA began filming in late November. It's written by comic relief, Bill George, and should be out sometime. Phillips/Merv also have two other films currently in production: HAUNTINGS and TAN-TALISSE II.



Eve Chiba, owner of Hollywood Book and Poster Company, has served the festival/retrospective as tip to next year. Following on the wake of her first show, she sold-out tribute to the films of John Waters (OPERA, FLAMINGOS, MULTIPLE MAHLAKA, FEMALE TROUBLE). Eve and her partner at Epcot International, Jimmy Miller, have scheduled a two-day film retrospective on Ross Moyer (BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, SUPERVISORS, UP) in mid-

December, to be followed by other events featuring such heavies as David Carradine, Bass Arpsato, Wes Craven, and Tobe Hooper (though the pressers as it won't include *INVADERS FROM MARS* or *TEXAS CHAINSAW 2*).

Orson has been a tireless supporter and press liaison for years and years, supplying publications (your editor's especially) with the bloody best stuff to be found anywhere, as well as hosting various parties at his home, celebrating the latest offering to hit the big screen. So, for example, over, get down to his place at 1704 Los Feliz Avenue, say there, and try something.



What about PUMPKINHEAD?

Scheduled for release on October 20, the De Laurentiis Entertainment Group has now re-scheduled the film for January and re-titled it, in hopes of playing down the seasonal influence of the old moniker. Well, you all either got a sickish punk chickie or advance screening for cast, crew, and friends recently at a preh-Westwood theater. You could tell right away the audience was barely seated as they would break into cheers when some dirty half-breed from hell walked a big 500-lb. ape across the road.

To some of the more cynical members of the audience, though, it looked more like DGG-dubbed another BFD. Sure, PHEAD looks great, all hulking holligans, strobes, smoke, and the latest fads, wogger whooping around in suitably lush, atmospheric set pieces. But, let's get one thing straight: it's a *BODY COUNT* picture. Only instead of a human, we get a Deck-O-Lance psychopath, rewarded by a straight ticket to smog his young child's death. If you've seen *ALIENS*, *PREDATOR*, or any installment of the *FRIDAY THE 13TH* series, then you've already seen this movie. Fan-fave director Stan Winston displays a real flair for macabre and, make no bones about it, there are several beautifully staged sequences in the film, inspired even. They still can't hide the fact that, in reality, it's another *Friday* Hollister 'n' Chisholm. Kids won't. West of all, the jowlers are a bunch of weaseling dev'le's bleah! You want all of them to die much sooner than they do and in a much more painful and prolonged manner.

This is a film that just can't wait to trot out its next trick from the hench effect grab bag. You know the kind—ever a major credit for a "nailed diaper" whose main job appears to be deserving a blast of despoiled anal excrements whenever things slow down. Wow! A little dog pings off into somebody's lap and *Blame!* major sound effects drill your brain off!

There's still much to recommend about this film, however. Though, in your humble reporter's opinion, *JASPER* does it better—and lots cheaper.



From New York—

As we reported last month, *FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 6: TRAIL OF THE WOLF* has undergone a name change. It's now titled *LURELESS* and will be released theatrically this spring. Roberta Findlay's film tells an intriguing story about the mysterious residents of an aging tenement, who actually turn out to be *werewolf* guardians of a passageway to The Beyond. Bobbie's delighfully macabre and lovely little, chomping with a nutty little twist before the credits roll.

Rockham begins shooting their next horror pic, *PRIME FEAR*, in January, costing New York's famous Lorraine Debra (which happens to be a determinedly straight) for some black Mass madness. Thanks to Jim Calk for the update and exclusive preview of things-to-come.



A new documentary features about the making of the *GONE WITH THE WIND* of next month, *THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE* is now in the works and will include contributions from original cast members Lee Majors (Credit), Ed Wood (Hitchhiker), Gunnar Hansen (Leatherface), and Bob Fonda (Art Director and FX man). More news on this project next issue.



PUT UP OR SHUT UP TIME

Your motley-bummed editor has recently been offered an opportunity to finally prove that he's really got some guts. Yip! A film project! Just got the green light from the producer to go ahead

Am I created? Does a Pope shit in the woods? Is the bear Catholic? (Shay!) Who do you think? Gunnar (Letherface) Hansen will be at it and he'll also write the screenplay after we've hammered out a treatment. How would what could possibly scare humanism's quintessential Hansen creature? You'll find out soon enough. You can truly has already signed on to write the original story and alleles direct the baby. I'll also print a disconcertingly gaudious poster design to make you think we spent \$10 million on it. Two major FX studios have expressed a desire to participate in the project, and we're

also planning to include other well-known genre screamers like oh well, better wait 'till next issue to give you those.

If we can't deliver the groceries, your editor will be reasonably discombobulated, dazed and spattered and our production company will sell the footage to PAGES OF DEATH III to help recover the negative costs. More (this week) on the "Doom Project" next issue.



South Florida—

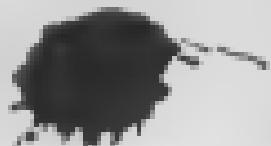
Tim Ritter, 20-year-old gallerizer and driving force behind TWISTED ILLUSIONS INC. (the folks behind TRUTH OR DARE-A CRITICAL MASSACRE), has just finished producing, writing, and directing THE KILLING SPREE, currently in foreign release and due to hit our shores in early 1983.

It's about a paranoid aviation mechanic who thinks he's involved with a mailing the brain-with-the-bacis with everybody in parts. He disposes of his victims, a TV repairman, an electrician, plumber and the like via acid baths in his backyard. Only they won't stay dead and these skeletons, blue-collar service-oriented non-thugs want REVENGE.

The clip, provided your editor, was a little rough-around the edges, though it did showcase some exhilarating \$4000/HK ASSASSIN-style arterial spouting, as well as choppers, slow burners, scowlers, and fax razor blades put to good use.

Young FXers Joel Hallow and Mark Peterson supplied various fake heads, bodies, bodies, and guts, and used over 15 gallons of "blood" to get their point across.

Like some say has said in the past: "If you can't make it great, make it BIG. If you can't make it big make it RED." Amen to that.



More features on up-and-coming makeup artists, directors, and independent producers, an update on our "Warriors A-Z" article, and a major piece on H.P. Lovecraft. We'll also take a close look at Thomas Paine, a very successful New York independent, and see what they've got in store for us after TOXIC AVENGER, CLASS OF NUKE 'EM HIGH and REDNECK FANTASY.

And, next time (I promise) we will have lunch with Forrest J. Ackerman and pay tribute to our most 1 movie, where would we all be without the groundbreaking FAMOUS MONSTERS magazoo?

Also, the latest in classified letters from our shifty-brown' Indian Blood location and all the best (and worst) of the newest video and theatrical releases.

Subscriptions to DILP RED will also be made available, starting with Issue No. 3.

DR. BUTCHER LIVES!

BY CHAS. BALUN

He is a depraved, sadistic rapist;
A bloodthirsty, homicidal killer.

**DOCTOR
BUTCHER**
M.D.

(Martyred Deviant)

How do I live this death? Let me count the ways: To the breasts and depths of the breast, of blood, breast milk and mucus, the slow process, my heart of darkness, your soft plumbing, your ovaries, and breasts, which the genes have endowed me with the women. How

I really like this of you-hated movie. Call me a heterosexual, a non-adolescent or maniac, or a homo sapiens, whatever you want. I don't care. To hell with the self-type, you're THE CUT OF AROUND, butcher, and me, we're THE MR. WOONDER, friend's THE COLOR, PURPLE, or even sexual, dissident, but-hated and have THE LOST BOYS. These stories all tell, don't look like that. Doesn't talk, with, and on that like that.

other to holler and baptize themselves in his blood. It's splashing all over the place, too, but it's not until he's apparently dismembered and has his guts stuck in front of him that our little wonder finally grows up the ghost.

By this time, my heart was in my throat, but least we're in their mouths and my last talking party folks were at the front door, waving good-bye. "Hey! You've played more the eyeball game! And the scalping, larynx snapping and brain transplants?" They were already gone. Thanks, Doc Nye, let's party. Cannibals gotta love these mucus. Nobody does it better.

Lots of people do it lots better as far as makeup effects go, but why expect? Who wants or needs fancy face paintjobs, blood splatters, or cable controls when you've got pre-dried, paper-mache, natural, and though gunk?

I found some scenes in DR. B to be actually dramatic, quaint even, in their own primal way. Lots of times the cannibal members come into the frame in a close-up head shot, right there in broad daylight and just sort of done you got to laugh at their Play-Doh sculpted faces. No sleeves, shadowed lights

"Even the Italian title of LA REGINA DEI CANNIBALI sounds great. Don't know what-the-fuck it means, but it still sends shivers up my ass."

to look in either. They just stand still and stupidly smile your closest brother. No performances, nothing so flashy MTV-style pump up. No, not. These boys wear their cheap shit sculpted right there on their tattooed sleeves.

And, who among us can remain unmoved when the scariest things-second-digit deep into the Great White Hunter's arched scrotal pleats out his eyeball, and HATE IT? I had a lump in my throat, too, just like our little hungry heathen.

"It's actually refreshing to see a film that knows its shit still stinks."

Well, before this article becomes the literary equivalent of your grandparents showing off their vacation pictures, your reporter would admit to a couple of disappointing elements about this movie. First, you never really get to see what the paid-off cannibals do to the Doctor when they storm his laboratory. Hell, they were more too polite to the other folks and they were mainly curious teenagers. So what did they have in mind for a psychotic egomaniac who was committing heinous, unspeakable, criminal atrocities against both man and nature? The movie needs.

My second and last gripe concerns itself with the many titles used to sell the project over the years. They used up all the really fifty ones? Were all the other ones doored passing actors with names like the BLUE MONKEY, NIGHTFLYERS, or THE LOST BOYS, you secretly wish DR. BUTCHER wouldn't have hogged up all the better ones? The final cut was made by splicing together a short, unfinished student film entitled TALES THAT WILL RIP YOUR HEART OUT with an unsuccessful Italian release, QUEEN OF THE CANNIBALS. The film has also been known as both ZOMBIE HOLOCAUST (eww!) and THE ISLAND OF THE LAST COMEDY. Even the Italian title of LA REGINA DEI CANNIBALI sounds great. Don't know what-the-fuck it means, but it still sends shivers up my ass.

So, see, I'm man enough to admit the film does have its shortcomings; it's far down per foot and it's awfully raggedy toward the edges. Maybe that's part of the film's appeal.

In these hectic times, just imagine our hyper-accelerated brains for "Seal the sex order, safety career advancements, and good groceries." It's actually refreshing to see a film that knows its shit still stinks.

We should be so lucky.



SYBIL DANNING: Queen B

BY KRIS GILPIN

"Once upon Sybil time," is how the outcry across female described her latest work. "I am the queen of the Amazons in *AMAZON WOMEN ON THE MOON* and I play an alien queen in *Fred Olen Ray's PHANTOM EMPIRE*. I also played the warrior queen in the film of the same name and the queen of the assassines in *HOWLING II*—ironically, though, it was for the part of the assassinate/Queen Lucy that the actress was first considered during casting for *AMAZON WOMEN*. Her proper part was caught when she met with producer/director Robert K. Weiss wearing a purple jumpsuit with golden apples. "He's here for the President's wife!" he cried, after looking her up and down. She walked out of that meeting in the Amazon queen-

The lovely actress (her eyes are beautiful in person) liked the hybrid of comedy and science fiction she found in *AMAZON WOMEN ON THE MOON*. "The costume was great—it took 12 fittings—for the making of the queen ringing on her thighs. It looks like a combination of a banana suit; and something from *MAD MAX*. it's not your Queen Danning don't like her other costuming, though, which comes in during the second part of the story. "Actually, I hate the costume," she laughed. "It's just not it's a little softer, and I look like Zsa Zsa Gabor at it. It's not really what I intended to look like, but the role has a twist."

The film was even more fun for Sybil Danning when she discovered her segment's director had made her favorite music video, Ward Al Yankovic's Michael Jackson spoof, "Bad II." "Bob Wylie was wonderful, a lot of fun. He's like a big teddy bear, a big little kid, and he genuinely enjoys what he's doing. He's a great director, you know that he knows what he wants but, at the same time, he's flexible. He has great command of the whole situation, yet he's not one to say, 'We do it my way and no other.' When you work on a project like that, you have to be in a good mood since it all reflects on the picture. It was a lot of fun during shooting, everything worked very smoothly." (The movie scenes were shot out at the famous Voyager Beach.)

Despite her tough gal image on screen, Danning is actually a very sweet, soft-spoken and intelligent woman. She can also be currently seen in *PLANET OF THE APES*, which everyone's favorite canine queen liked so "our poor older character, it was balances to make. I'd worked with Fred Ray before on *THE TOMB*. We [he and] his actress wife, Diane Withersell, and [they are] his acting family, so we had a ball making that movie. It's so great working with Fred, too, because he's very open to suggestions and good for improvisations. Any idea you have a fun with him."

"At first, I was having a dragon on the film with a sword," she said. "Then we thought, 'We, we've got something better, we've got this huge, beautiful dinosaur.' So, now I'm throwing a spear at the dinosaur and, of course, the dinosaur is not there—it comes later. We had to figure out exactly where the spear should go because you actually see it going into the dinosaur. Then, when we came to that point, we said, 'Oh, well a minute!' There are no spears,' because I'd been running around with that sword. So, as I know it's time to build it, I look down and just happen to see the spear there." *PLANET OF THE APES* is a long-awaited "oldiebut-goodie" to the old space/adventure serials.

"Every character in that movie is from another time. It's like a time warp," elaborated the screen. "Everybody's from somewhere else, but it all works very well. My girls in the film, the batwoman, are like very babies with their little lollipops. I have this metallic spaceship and Ralph the Robot is in there, too, and he's even

All the good guys are male, even though I'm the bad guy." Most of the action takes place in the caves at the equally famous Bremen Canyon, which doubled for the center of the Earth. "We shot it at a time when it was cool. It was pleasant when the lights were on, but a little chilly when we were sitting around waiting to shoot. I've been on much, much worse sets," she stated.

"There was one thing we changed—I was going to torture Jeffrey (R.I.-AN-MATORI) Combs, who I take to be my favorite prisoner because he's kind of cute. But Jeffrey suggested we do it a little less aggressively since this whole film had already taken on this light, airy, fun kind of atmosphere. So we found a nice solution for what I do with him, a lot of which is left up to the imagination so that everyone can have their own Jeffrey shoot when happens to him. And Fred said, 'Fine. It was such great teamwork—that's when it's all about.' (Before being credited as The Alien Queen in the picture her character was known as The Big Lady due to her shoulder-padded outfit which Ray shot in low angle.)

Now in Australia, Danning felt needed during her strict, religious upbringing. "What kinda Catholic Army base wouldn't feel reverent in 1960 uniforms with high collars, with black shoes that pinched and hurt, and gooky white kneesocks?" she asked. "We had to wear blue plaid skirts when other girls were wearing prettier and shorter dresses. I hated it! My mom should see me now," she said with a laugh.





Sybil Danning didn't want to act when she was growing up. In fact, "I never had the desire to be anything," she stated. "I was in and out of Catholic schools and when I got out at age 14, I went to work. I started to help my mother. It was a very serious upbringing. I used to go to church every evening before breakfast. We couldn't get to the cafeteria if we didn't go through the chapel first. That's how strict it was." The only fun she had then came from playing tennis on the court. The few moments she was outside playing, the young Sybil could usually be found shading trees with the boys, always the tomboy. Then, when I went to work, I had a lot of responsibility for somebody that age, which is why I really think I enjoy playing those roles so much. For me, it's like being a kid again. Again? For the first time?"

Her natural beauty earned her work as a model for magazines and fashion companies throughout Europe although she hated putting on and taking off the clothes and posing for photographs sessions. She did love the travel, though. "But walking on a stage is my hobby." She went on to earn a degree in communications.

It was her photo which got Danning her first screen part, acting half naked and combing her hair on a cliff at the sunset—the experience nearly cost her paychecks. "I was so sick," she recalled. "For the amount of money I got I thought, 'This is what filmaking is?' It's not for me." And so she went back to modeling. But, a year later, another producer saw the photo and offered her a second screen appearance, which she took.

Then I started taking it seriously and thought, Well, maybe I can make a living at this. The second time around wasn't so bad, at least I did not freeze myself to death.

After many subsequent acting assignments (which included *THE SALAMANDER*, *METEOR*, *THE THREE MUSKETEERS*, and *AIRPORT '75*), her first "really, really big movie" came with Roger Corman's *BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS*. Indeed, with the help of her manager/assistant, S.C. Kasy, it proved to be the current turning point in Danning's career which set the actress's career's course. "Then S.C. really started me off with my audience today," she told me. "It was a great, very well-written movie. The reviews and

my costume with the actress was the best one ever: BAKKABILLA. Christian's idea at that time was the old lumber camp he had just bought. It was so dirty there were mushrooms growing up the walls the mud had settled. But, we had a lot of fun shooting it."

Directed by James T. Mullaney, the production was visited only once (during Deneuve's stay on the shoot) by Corman himself. It involved a lengthy shot which ended with a single line delivered by an actress: "I guess he was scared because Roger was on the set because he kept shooting his line. It happened once, twice, and I could see Christian was checking his watch and getting nervous himself. They did a shot and Roger said 'Okay, set the line! Drop it! Get him off the set!' And then he went on with something else."

Deneuve loves her new image as the primitive street-fight (military) fighting woman. "I guess it's my specialty," she stated. "I think the difference is anything you do is if you really enjoy it. I've known actors standing next to me as softer, more courteous who looked at their notebooks and said, 'What are we going to get the crew with?' And, I say, 'The moment I'm in costume I like the part and I love it.' So you have to fight your way through (industry) prejudice toward strong roles for women) with people like Fred Gray, Bette Davis, and John Ladd, who are children at heart and love these kinds of movies and watch them themselves!"

Although she works hard to maintain the physique necessary for her roles, she doesn't enjoy that aspect of her work. "I hate working out and have to make it a point of doing it. I love gardening and taking care working out but not if I'm just set to go hunting myself!" The actress also has spent time in gun clubs and shooting ranges, learning how to handle all the lethal hardware of her trade.

She learned to swim a mile in Rome, while filming THE SILVER MAGNIFICENT GLADIATORS and HERCULES. She developed her own fighting style despite protest from the stunt master, who kept telling her she fought like a man. Looking back on HERCULES today, she said, "I thought it was a nice picture for little kids. I've done five movies for Cannon, so that's what I'd like to say about it." She played the evil princess in that Los Angeles film.

Deneuve's most explosive makeup job came with HOWLING II, it cost eight hours to glue consecutive rows of hair on her body, from her feet to her head (she had to stand all the while), turn her into the actor's first blonde werewolf. "It was not a suit; they put it all on like cyclones." All the wolf scenes were then shot immediately afterward, all at the same time.

The blonde beauty had an alternate alias in mind for HOWLING II. "That was my fifth film with Christopher Lee, so I wanted to switch but I wouldn't have had many of a confrontation with him at the end because, after all, we were rivals. We were brother and sister, and it would have been more interesting if we could've had a longer, planned confrontation if he killed me off, but he wanted to do it in a more spiritual way, as opposed to action. So, I just thought the real name could have been better."

Sybil Deneuve loves making her "down-to-earth, dirty street movies." In REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS and the man-versus-woman CHAINED HEAT, a women-at-prison fight starring Leslie Blod. "I loved doing CHAINED HEAT! I'd love to do a good street picture again. I love to see men in prison movies when they play them, but they don't make that many of them." The actress favored a leather outfit for her self-exploited, self-betrayal picture in the fighting scenes in CHAINED HEAT. "It was a great script and a great character," she said. "I probably played more female than from that movie than any other. They wrote and said, 'I loved the way you fought for your rights in that picture.' I think of gave a lot of women the courage to go out and fight the whatever, to stand up for themselves. That was one of the few films I've done in which I was a strong, contemporary character and women loved that."

She believes in fact, there aren't enough good parts for strong, realistic women in today's films, which she blames on the industry's producers. "These characters are so hard to find because if you're a tough woman, the producers find it easier to pass you off as a fantasy character (as opposed to more realistic, street drama). I think the writers would love to write those kinds of characters but it's easier for them to sell scripts the old way, and they have to make a living."

"I like the 'street flavor' because they're very down-to-earth, which is what I am. I can put as much of myself into my everyday life into the roles I think an actor's strength is more important, because everybody can play an outer strength." She did, however, turn down an offer to join Linda Blair's cast in the hitious play, **WOMEN BEHIND BARS**. Having just finished **CHAINED HEAT**, she felt she had played it all already.

CHAINED HEAT had its mandatory shower scene and Deeney has had to appear nude in several films. Her early **ILLUSTRATED MEMOIRS OF A FRENCH PUSSYCAT** and **THE LONG SWIFT SWORD OF SURPRISE** to **PRIVATE PASSIONS** and **ROULING** to "I did them (films) they had more or less to do with the story. They didn't bother me," she remembered. "I'm very free-thinking and I'm not shy about that." She has tried to sit down on the morally mixed roles since **THEY'RE PLAYING WITH FIRE** (1984); however, since her face had marked her three nude scenes with relative interest, "One theater manager said, 'Your face was there, but she didn't see the Sybil they wanted to see.' The actress face and the nudity face might be the same face, but they don't mix it in the same movie. That film really showed me I don't need to take my clothes off and if I don't have to, I'd rather not." She also appeared in the August, 1983 issue of "Playboy," which is still one of the top-five best-selling issues in the magazine's history.

Sybil's image of face has grown enough over the years in the past where USA Video approached the actress to host her own video line, "Sybil Deeney's Adventure Video." She chooses the film titles herself, then hosts each one reading a comment (and making a weapon-appropriate to that particular movie). The popular line includes a total of 26 titles on tape.

One dividend Deeney project proved to be 1982's **BLACK DIAMOND** comic book; originally slated to be a film, Sybil Deeney was reading the publication's plot the idea to first turn the storyline into a comic book after speaking with a fan at a convention for **BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS**. However, "the person who claims to have optioned the property was impossible to work with." While the book did come out it sold out its printing of

40,000 copies in ten days at \$2.00 each, it was such a money-burner that Deeney didn't sell new prints.

She did, however, love her stint on the TV show. "I—" "It was my kind of *Army uniform*," she stated. "I was hoping the season would go on, I really enjoyed doing it. I'd love to do more interesting TV like that. I'm spontaneous. For me, it comes best the first take. The more I do it, the worse it gets and that's the way TV is. The bad thing about television is that it takes so long to do."

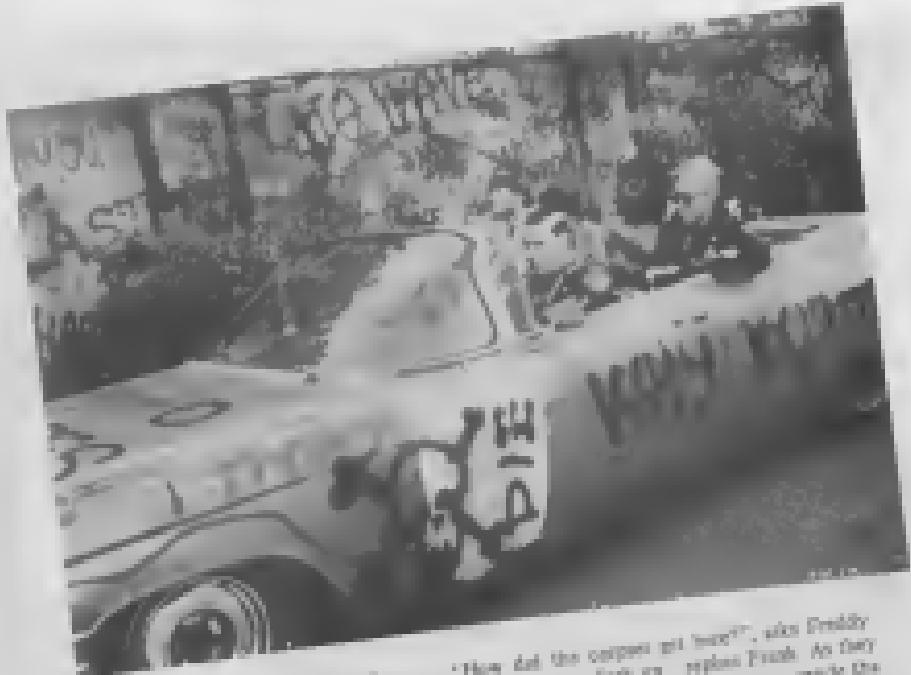
One of her most recent features was the subversive, stock-shot-packed **WARRIOR QUEEN**, which invited the videotape-tots and violence quacks seemed to make it an attempt at the ultimate "R" movie. What does Deeney think of the film now? "Well, I thought the script was interesting—obviously. Otherwise, I would not have done it but I did get out of hand. I had that doing it. I was a sort of man who rides into town to save the girls, but when I saw the movie, I thought it was so interestingly edited that you never really do know what the hell it was doing and why it came and where it was going. In the script it was all so clear, and in the movie nobody understands anything. It's kind of sad because I think it had a great potential, but I don't know what happened. I'm sure it's doing great on video," she laughed.

Sybil Deeney receives a steady stream of fan mail, which she personally reads and answers herself (though she and the star are trying to keep an arm's length). For the future, the actress looks forward to producing her own projects. "I would like to produce, mainly because I want to do the types of films I'd like to make, which include better roles for women," she said. "Down-to-earth roles with a good script and some action and excitement. I think the way to do that is to eventually produce yourself. I think I can do just as good a job as some current producers, if not better. And who knows? I might even produce for other women, too, and not just for myself."



In Praise of **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD**

BY DENNIS DANIEL



As the street lights faded, I realized my mind filled with blind anticipation of the scenes to come! The 1985 RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD alone brought waves of giddy terror, due to its postulated sexual facilities. This film was going to be superb! The first stage that flashed in the screen was in the U.S. Medical Supply Warehouse. The owner (Chad Morgan) was busy out to prepare for the July 4th weekend. He knew the distinguished guest to be none other Frankenstein (Thom Mathews). Frank shows Freddy how to pack dentures, where to store half-dope, and how they keep their customers fresh. He also shows Freddy a group of large metal cylinders in the basement that contain the bodies of captured Army men to kill maggots, that creep into the present right next to a cemetery. He explains that it was kept a big secret, but eventually some members of his people thought of the whole thing, made the movie RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, and recently based it on the poster!

"How did the corpse get 'hard'?", asks Freddy. "Typical Army tech by Captain Frank. An oily mix of the many decomposed corpse acids the cylinders," Freddy adds. "Can they get out of there?" "Frank, in a confident tone replies, 'Hell no!' These tanks were made by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers' 'the process to dry the tanks on impact... a solid 1985 vapor seeps out of the metal payload creates expansion. You had me again!"

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD 'in many ways is better for what it is. It's A perfect cult, excellent FX, and a marvelous script by writer/actor Dan O'Bannon (DARK STAR, ALIENS DEAD AND BURNED)

ROLD is unlike any nothing film past, or present. It breaks all the standard rules for zombie bashing, yet it's a serious exploration. Director O'Bannon knew he was focusing on George A. Romero but (and with DAY OF THE DEAD on the way) he was gravitously adding on his face! Therefore he had to create a whole new zombie disease. In a

Entertainment Weekly: *Interview with Rick Moranis, O'Bannon editor*: "I had to find a different tone for the piece, so that I was operating in a different area more than *Rambo*, dramatically speaking." What an understatement! O'Bannon is a middle-of-the-road guy.

Let's compare: *Rambo*'s zombies are ugly, grody, flesh-eating, resurrectionists who will devour any and all parts of their victim's anatomy, gleefully swallowing internal organs of oppressing human officials. The only way to stop a *Rambo* zombie is to shoot the patrol poster in the head! O'Bannon's zombies do not lumber about like mindless consumers, these fuckers RUN! And they run FAST! When they catch you, they've had all you've got, all they want is brain! And they're happy to tell you! Yes, these zombies talk, and they talk a lot! They're chattering, scheming zombies as well. When the local police arrive to help out the trapped civilians, the zombies tell them, then use their C4 sticks, along the local police precinct to "hand more cargo."

You can forget about shooting them in the head to stop them! In case of the *Funniest Movie in the History of the World*, a freshly revived culture comes crashing out of a frozen tombstone "brain" and attacking Colgate James Kaven and Thom Matthews pull them off C4 and we're back to the ground. Colgate: "How do we kill 'em?" James Kaven remembers how it was done in *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*: "Cover the eyes!" So, Colgate's a large pack, runs in high above his head, and tends to crashing down into the zombie's crimson skin. Also, the zombie still lives! Colgate exclaims "I got him in the fucking brain, it didn't work!" Kaven interjects: "It worked in the movie" (My favorite line!) It is this type of logic that makes *ROLD* unique. The characters refer to *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* for guidance, so the film never gets all the more real.

In contrast, *RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD* is a sequel to *WOLD*: When George A. Romero parted company with *WOLD* co-writer John Russo (a fine horror author in his own right), he kept the rights to the title *DEAD* and Russo kept *RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD*. Russo had a *WOLD* screenplay in the can and tried to get *Universal* backing in the late '70s. With the line of producer Tom Pava, they finally resurrected the backstab they painted and



handed John Hooper to direct. (Thank God he didn't!) Dan O'Bannon was then forced to update the screenplay, Hooper eventually backed out, and O'Bannon was chosen to make his directorial debut. And a brilliant one it is!

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD is to zombie films what *AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON* is to werewolves! Here, it is both hysterical and horrifying. And the explanation for the quality of the *Return* is pure genius. It also features two of the best character actors in film today—Colgate and James Kaven. They give wonderful, believable performances that had me on the floor! The supporting cast is also top notch, and the New Wave music gives the film an edgy, surreal presence.

Believe it or not, the film *Spies* is pretty low compared to Romero's films, but the screenplay makes up for the lack of kick. The FX and makeup are all state-of-the-art (and the cut-and-hold talking corpses are a must [blowout!]). But, best of all, it's an original approach to what is becoming a very tired formula.

WOLD has earned a place in my heart and a position of strength in the zombie film genre. It is a master of combining action, humor and horror, put together by a talented group of professionals. They're back from the dead and they're ready to party!

Grab a hatchet and mace-maker—this is one party you won't want to miss! A film art classic!

• GORE SCOREBOARD •

THE RATING SYSTEM

	horrible
	terrible movie
	ordinary
	solid & scary
	hard core horror

NATURAL BORN KILLERS
d. Jeff Koons



Unsettling idea about a man (Kurt Russell) who, upon awakening one morning, decides to kill his entire family. Unfortunately, from there are 100 minutes of actually stabbing, killing, bludgeoning, though the only powerful dialogue comes between Russell and old friend Jose Ferrer. Halle Berry's wife is played by Laura Elena Harring (she's a degenerate who's gone through shock treatment), and we witness some horrific violence throughout the film. The only interesting part comes when Hal takes her positions (at the same time) to bed and bath finally because the constant talk causes her to miscarry. Another woman opens up her life to him while they're stranded in a truck railway car, telling him "I want you right now." But the scene then cuts away, leaving the viewer baffled and hanging. What we finally gets here (it's a day in the life of talking with friends), is his first significant conversation he's had with his wife in years, then still slathering them all and himself (self-cannery). The talkation also features Elizabeth PUGHHOUSE SMOOTH TALK; the edge-holed here as Beth Bertidge, as the daughter who's in three split-second cuts. An intriguing idea with nowhere to go. This film got a slight distribution in 1979 and (you guessed it) is not worth re-viewing today. (Five years later Kieslinski did a complete 360 degrees here and made *RIVENGE OF THE NERDS*). (PG-13)

The Gore Score

The evaluation deals with nothing less than the quality of blood, tissue, gore, and inserted porous bodily fluids spilled during the course of the film. It's quite simple really. *THE BAD NEWS BEARS GO TO JAPAN* would get a 1½, for more on the Gore Score category, while *THE BUTCHER'S CHILD* and *MARY-KATE* would receive likely negative policy scores of zero.

MARY POPPINS, DISNEY, and THE COLD EAT FAIR
 BLINDSIDE OF PRAYER, THE EVIL DEAD, and THE GATES OF HELL

PORTRAIT (1991)
d. Alan Alda



Randall Ward stars as an Outback teacher who is kidnapped along with his students by Bushwhacker (Peter X. Men) and several posse. Bludgeoned into a cave for safe keeping, they escape and trigger a vicious cat-and-mouse struggle that ends with a gory EC series twist in the final shot. Alan Alda's flat, unengaging direction fails to realize the potential of Everett De Rocker's (RAZORBACK, PATRICK HAB LEQUIN/DAKOTA POWER) script but there's no denying the edge the violence carries due to the vulnerability and innocence of the younger children in the cast, which the director naively explores in a *LORD OF THE FLIES*/THE COWBOYS-aspect finale and ghoulish ending. (R)

HOUSE OF TERROR (1974)
d. Frederick E. Friedel



Molehanded video re-takes of Harryhausen (Bewitched International) release *THE KIDNAPPER*, here to put the gung-ho little crime drama off in a flaccid funk but don't believe it. So the 1½ May attempt comes complete though, as in another obscure offbeat mood piece by F. W. Murnau, North Carolina's son of *ACE* (i.e. *LISA, LISA* and *CALIFORNIA MASSACRE*, 1974/80). Behemoth 'bet

were a kidnapper and his victim weather rape, beatings, bestialities, fatality python, and torture to blossoms into unlikely carnal romance. Fried's direction is more assured and measured, aided by decent performances (including AXE star Jack Casan and Leslie Ann Biaggi) and production values, but only a very brief sequence with a destitute daughter and her disturbed dad recalls any of AXE's giddy impact. No house, no terror, and not much else if you're in the mood for a horror movie. (B+)

HAMMER THE STUDIO THAT DRIPPED BLOOD (1987)



Just as the backlash from British television "video nasties" scandal and subsequent censorship laws threatened to end UK public viewing of what David Povey referred to as "the only single cinematic myth which Britain can properly claim as its own" (the Hammer genre), the BBC began broadcasting a complete, seven-part retrospective documentary launched the series and is well worth a look—especially viewing for Hammer fans. Revealing interviews with Christopher Lee, Sybil Thorndike, John Saxon, etc., rare footage of Trevor Peacock directing, and much more, including a Hammer press interview with LUST FOR A VAMPIRE's star, Tatti Shandwick (and I hope someday to win an Academy Award!"). Though Hammer's greater trademarks are absent, the recurrent creature does give some insight into the studio's decline and demise in the late 1970's acknowledging Hammer's failure to keep in step with the genre's evolution via NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, THE EXORCIST, TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE etc. Recommended. (B+)

WINGS OF DEATH (1985)



Nichola Bruce and Michael Crichton's made-for-British television show uses David Lynch's campy vocabulary (as well as one of his eccentric child actors from THE ELEPHANT MAN) in a horrifying, but rather positive, depiction of a teenage punk's delirium and suicide. An emphasis on forbidding atmosphere detracts from any real characterization of the boy whose acts the film of genuine depth or tragic import.

despite the horrific intensity of the imagery. The pain of separation is strongly felt with a gut-wrenching image of the boy's head splitting apart and the throat slitting which follows provides a disturbing, if hollow, conclusion. If we only knew the character with any intimacy, the sense of horror and loss would be unshakable, as in AMERICAN NIGHTMARE/COMBAT SHOCK, which comes under graced with lesser pretension and far greater impact. (B)

DOT (1982)

d: David Vincent Carlson



Though it's nearly impossible to see the many fine short films that are made year after year, cable TV has provided a few with special exposure. David Vincent Carlson's DOT is a haunting black-and-white post-holocaust parable that uses the naked wasteland as a device to strip the characters and take to a stark, raw Theatre of the Absurd atmosphere, rather than in the point of the perplic itself. Unusually, un-gory, weirdly surreal, "violent" film blends the anguish of David Lynch's cinema with the indescribable poetry of Ray Bradbury to unnameable effect. (B+)

MESSIAH OF EVIL (1973)

a.k.a. DEAD PEOPLE, REVENGE OF THE SCREAMING DEAD
d: William Hoyek



William Hoyek and Gloria Katz, prior to the success of their AMERICAN GRAFFITI series, plug, made this eighteenth chiller on their own, only to see it sink into obscurity. Later distributor ran it with George Romero over retitling the film RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD and the of DAWN OF THE DEAD's press copy has served the film a certain notoriety, coupled with gross enthusiasm. Unusual of the film's low box office in the era of Jaws and Poltergeist, but for its own modish time, the deeper atmosphere results the impact of CARNIVAL OF SOULS (1962) and uninterestingly re-titled LET'S SCARE HERICA TO DEATH (1971). Set in a search of lost-lost father stumbled onto a California coastal town inhabited by real zombies. That's a macabre tele-viewer of a genuine low-budget audience to the West coast, two or three dozen zombies, rich use of mud and a decaying studio (with

covered with distorted perspective, broken otherworldly faces, and haunted portraits of the local citizens). Unfortunately, the film's suspense is almost nonexistent, characterized and the manner in which the agonizingly contracted narrative finally collapses in upon itself (nevertheless, it's morbid and atmospheric, worth a look, with Royal Burns and Shirley Cook). (SR)

BLACK MAGIC (1970) and BLACK MAGIC: REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES (1980)(S)

4. Ho Meng-Han



Recommended viewing for exploitation lovers in search of a new fix! Even the odd U.S. television prints (which true the rating) deliver the goods. Director Ho Meng-Han's companion features showcase an interesting plethora of Oriental occultism and eastern cultic cannibalism, zombies fucking, human sacrifices, stupors, twitches, perverse women under the skin. **BLACK MAGIC 2/REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES** is particularly long, documenting a vampire sorceress who lives on human breast milk. In one incredible scene, he slices a woman's crotch, using the pulse bar as a potion that induces instant lactation and "lunar" pregnancy (and the birth of a monstrous, malformed fetus). He creates a small army of zombies by driving metallic spikes into the tops of their skulls. The peculiar Eastern take on black magic and sacrifice lends a distinct hallucinogenic edge to the proceedings. Phil Hardy's exhaustive Encyclopedia of Horror Movie neglects these two, but provides information on many other Oriental horror movies in the U.S., which blend eastern mysticism with graphic violence in a matter of course. (Bulder pictures lie across the Pacific!) (SR)

BLUT MONKEY
d. William Fried



Nonstop gags (I thought it might be also to Steve (LIFEFORCE) Addison's TURCH-LIGHTS) for a horror flick which takes place inside a hospital. Rockboden is the hero (he deserves a lot better than that), and the bleeding and cutting creatures FOI are fun on the tale of growing monsters on the loose, but, to the end, it just looks like a cheap art on the cheap. The

camerawork and editing are not to watch, but the cast's best to watch on a good double bill. (SR)

THE LOST BOYS (1987)

d. Richard Donck



big budget vampire flick that looks weird, but is bloodless! How can you make a vampire film without blood? (Actually there is a little blood, but the potential for more not staggering.) Once again, we have a posse that with a hard-on who falls for some female vampire star. She hangs out with the group of Billy Bob's Monkey-Crazed rockabilly wild bunch. The usual carnage, swooping down on sucking lasses and carrying them away to be rocked. Comedy值 is provided by two weird would-be Vamp Believers who try to destroy the vampire clan.

Major studio horror cranked to cash in on the teenage moviegoer masses. No guts! (DAB)

UP IN THE AIR (1974)

d. Sean MacGregor



No, this isn't another EXERCISE apt-off,刚
刚 released as THE HORRIBLE HOUSE ON
THE HILL and PROFLETOYS, this is a little
gem. Based on an up amateur and am-
ateur psychopath snapshot from the state ward
of the state mental hospital. The poor little darlings are given studies by a bunch of bungy,
rock backstabbers, gathered at Pappa Don's
(well, Gene Kelly's waterbed room) in all
sorts of jazzy stupors. Stuporously endowed
spicing complete with bungy crowd, bungy
bikering and an angel no fight, but stay with
it. The several half-truths to a believably
startling intensity that will definitely wipe that
smirk off your face, beginning with a giddy
show-off master (using pitchfork, basset
houndsome and chosen) that strips and ex-
poses fleshy as the rich hosts catch on to the
homosexual nature of their young peers. Director
Sean MacGregor also made NIGHTMARE
COUNTY during this period but this is a much
better film than that dull plantation country vs.
hilly slums night report. (SR)

LONG LIVE THE NEW FLESH! (1988)



Canadian television documentary chronicler David Cronenberg's growth as filmmaker as transatlantic CBC broadcast: a one hour version that sadly, failed to include footage or mention of Cronenberg's rarely screened *STRAWD, CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE*, or *PART COMPANY* (not to mention his early short films or four 30 minute dramas produced for CBC TV anthology programs in the mid 1970s) though these may be covered in the original 90-minute version. Interviews and commentary by Cronenberg, Martin Scorsese, Robin Wood, James Woods, and others are intelligently juxtaposed with lots of graphic footage from all of Cronenberg's explores horror features, providing a behind the scenes look at one of the genre's most controversial and consistently sexual resources. Despite (or rather, because of) the platters of clips featuring human organs, simian penises, exploding brains and other Cronenbergian grotesques, the film's most offbeat moment comes when a little black square is superimposed over Marilyn Chamberlain's nipple during a slip from *RAMBO* - a particularly banalized bit of censorship. Poor on the music, keys, but human verbal wit should be passed to a human's heart! (200)

I WAS A ZOMBIE FOR THE FBI (1982)

d. Mario Puzo



Low budget, entertainment addition to the concert/avant-garde/rock concert segregation of 1980s movies, sci-fi film elements, shlock and stereo types. Alan Alda pollutes popular talk shows with mind-control drugs while in search of secret CIA formula; a most point now that Costa Gavras has lost their own formula in real life. Canasta. Marsha Puzo's direction yields deepest fan, including an unashamed "mother of the basement" and the monotonous Raspberry Bechtel as G-man harpo. (200)

BUNTY AND BILLIE (1974)

d. Daniel Petrie



This 1974 flick is a minor revenge stunner aided by lame performances and characterizations which are a bit better than the usual Juv Michael Vito-

ouri is mapped to Pamela Sue Martin as a small town in the 1940s. Screen newcomer Jean Goodfellow is the unattractive, ununderstood lover to Jules who puts out for all the boys in order to feel wanted. Pamela Sue won't do it with Vito until they're hatched, so he turns to Jean and eventually falls in love with her. She seduces them right and beats the shy girl to death. Juv Michael later gets one of them across the gym with a pool cue and burns another's brain in with a lit cigarette butt. The last bad move Goodfellow was pretty good, but I think she overplayed her part so much it killed her fledgling career. It isn't small time or anything small. Martin is adorable (everyone looks like a baby in that) and Robert (Paddy Krueger) English is on hand as a farm camp. Worth a peek for Harry's role (though I've avoided the rating for you know!) (200)

COMBAT SHOCK (1984/85)

d. Buddy Gorinman



Trama involves agnos, with a pick up that has more on its mind than all the rest of their pre-dawners put together. Under its misleading name title (original title AMERICAN NIGHTMARES) you'll find that one shamelessly prefigured as an action/avant-garde. Vietnamese veterans rampage through a po' old video shop Blockbuster who sent the to sporting a RAMBO alone will be contemplating suicide before its over of a actually the most obnoxious and grottiest independent horror film since THE EVIL DEAD. Angry, uncomprehending flesh waves of life in the lower depths. Inhumanly discharged Vietnamese we suffer an unpronounced existence with his burn-out wife and hideous Agent Orange mutant to last in an absolute shithole apartment, while possessed remains of a war actually to stay as may not have been responsible for finally does him over the edge, culminating in an excruciating, almost unbearable climactic bloodbath of unendurable, scrotal, bloodbath of unendurable, scrotal, and baby babies.

Director Buddy Gorinman: that it the presents on Santa Island, but it's a brutal, brilliant film that pulls no punches. Though it recall elements of BRAINHEAD, TAXI DRIVER, DEATHBED, KILLER, and PANIC IN NIMBLE PARK, it's an original that remains all too believable. Nasty stuff has a jazzy cymbal a family history with a fucking real banger just a round up.

for the final acting moment of the film. **Badass**, you, briefly distract her for those who can get into it. **BE WARNED**, this is **POSSIBLY THE RECOMMENDED** with reservations. (C84)

THE CURSE (1987)

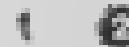
d. David Keith



Actor David (THE LAST TASTER) Keith's amateur effort is about a fundamental family, headed by Claude (John De Niro) whose character you'd like to administer a shaque assist, whose water supply becomes contaminated. This causes them to grow huge warts on her face (which no one seems to notice). Since the contaminated becomes biomedical. There is a maximum of ideas, but we're talking exploding napkin gobos. It's a bizarre film, it's pretty smart, but it offers the amount of fun as a Saturday Night lock-in, campy way. It's good for a few nocturnal laughs (though you shouldn't spend a lot of money on it). Also see **WE STAND BY ME** (1989) (Wheeler). (EG)

DEATH SMILES ON A MURKIER (1970)

d. Andrew Menken



Even the presence of of chortling-van-hammed Klaus Kinski can't save the incomprehensible Italian shocker (whose explores it to the point of Asperger's) about re-animating the dead. Only reason to rent it is to watch Don KANDY! And that can't stop as she's getting it on with a young landscaper. (EF)

THE JOHNSON MURDERS

d. Fred Wilson



Slow, ultimately quite forgettable mystery thriller concerning the methodical bumping off of nuns in a monastery. Donald Sutherland and Charles Durning star and Barbara (TIME KILLER) Bernick plays the only things that keep you awake. An instant classic is buried in the litter and is just a bogus classic element. Few are paying for this one as a theatre or viewing it on tape-it's barely worth a free view on cable. (CGG)

THE MURKIN (1987)

d. Jack Stoker



THE MURKIN is a spewed (or least for the first half) weird thriller about a nasty body-snapping alien that got past its shallow script or emphasis on the central relationship between two human. It's reasonably well-constructed show format (especially bang-up opening潜伏), following a great credit sequence over a bank (TV station in a telephone box) which pulls out a thespian and starts bawling like a baby. The film is unable to overcome the story's banalities and lack of chemistry between L.A. homicide detective Michael (FLASHDANCE) Nouri and FBI-agency-good doctor-of-diagnos Kyle (BADASS) MacLachlan as the guys on the trail of the body snatching creature, which has a predilection for red Partisan, heavy metal music, and gleeful violence. The monster effects are no good either, and the ET-style "happy ending" falls shockingly flat as well. (CG)

THE OUTING (1987)

d. Tom Daley



General hecatombs and chaotic effects such that story about a bunch of teenagers who spend the night at a museum, only to be harassed by a malevolent ghost...

The film, which basically borrows from a predictable FRIDAY THE 13TH-style body count, does however boast one memorable gore sequence that would even gain CF's sorta spot with gory while the female and her boyfriend are seeing the gorno (a rambunctious younger of Maria, Becker's Rock FOO, the latter represents a display sequence which promptly chews down on the boy's chapter. Totally overcooked and whacking as hell, it's the most nerve-racking sequence in the film (gross vomiting, for the most part, of a couple of lame-faced teenagers and a death via overhead fan).

A note of interest for grown-ups: Robert OTAKAS CHAINSAW) Burns did the production design. (EF)

PRINCE OF DARKNESS (1977)

3 John Carpenter



John Carpenter's amateur return-to-horror began with this first of four low-budget films for AIP (Amer. Int'l Universal/AMC, released). Also despite the best of intentions, the cast's a dud. Carpenter's direction has always been rather flat, unfortunately owing his stories with solid craftsmanship and fine stylistic flourishes. Here, he's allowing his skills to a confused poorly structured pastiche of Nigel Kneale's classic *QUATERMASS AND THE PROPHET MILLION* YEARS TO EARTH, written by Carpenter himself under the pseudonym 'Marko Quatermass' (get it?). Marvellous opening credits successfully introduce all the major characters and themes in sure-paced flashes, leaving the bookend for a reperformed variation on Carpenter's *ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13*. Prior (Donald Pleasence at his flattest), physical (Victor Wong) and mental teams composed of severely disturbed students don't themselves into the ranks of a dilapidated artus dedicated to study an ancient container containing the swelling, liquid essence of Satan himself. They are soon under siege, trapped inside by a possessed gang of street people (led by Alain Coopers) as they are attacked from within by OF hounds' evil manipulations and Roberts' Initially compelling theological + scientific concepts of reality and evil quickly devolve into belated, giddy metaphysical ramblings and subjective dreams that only obscure the plot even. Understated, but often shoddy, special effects and makeup undermine the few imaginative and/or horrific moments (including a body mutated by cancer, minus split-gut vomiting of the demon liquid, a nastily staged possession/pregnancy/birth sequence, and the final's liquid cancer image). Worse of all, Carpenter allows his narrative to grind to a halt during a stupid, unnecessary daytime sequence, during which absolutely nothing happens. Nevertheless, the film is often eerie and atmospheric, with a tone just right in its tail to *CAIRNS* (1976) that had the audience jumping out of their seats, while not probably ever this turkey at the box office. Hopefully, Carpenter will go on in better things, either working with another writer or from a real screenplay. His intentions for Neal Kassell's several accomplishments as a writer may be genuine but after the mess he and

Terry-Lo Wallace made of *Angels*' script for *HAIR* LOWDOWN in SEASIDE OF THE WITCHES and the sorry business Carpenter had better acknowledge that he's out of his depth even attempting the pretentious kind of horror and science fiction. Kneale is capable of an ambitious effort, sadly it's Carpenter's best star-crafting film, despite anything laudable and a bold (if derivative) concept. (58)

SOLDIER BLUE (1970)

3 Ralph Nelson



One companion to Arthur Penn's *LITTLE BIG MAN* of the same year, Ralph Nelson's military post-WILD BRUNCH western from between Harry Goldsmith's big three at *Universal*, along with *Brave*'s use of Peckinpah's screwball violence, remains significant despite its many weaknesses. Single story film with shockingly graphic depiction of the Sand Creek massacre of 1864, wherein 700 U.S. Cavalry brutally massacred over 300 Indians, most of them women and children. Overhanging the central action of carnage ends with celebratory shots of heads and blood spraying soldiers that oddly recalls *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY* as a bluntly sincere and effective humanist statement against military atrocity and genocide, violence relevant in an era of Reagan foreign policy. Outdated Catholic officials task away the souls they had given Ralph Nelson for *LILIES OF THE FIELD* after using the Rev. Prior Stevens, Cushing Blyton. (58)

CRIMINALLY INSANE (1973)



You'll never eat another salad after watching this mercifully short feature about shock-therapy patient Big Edie (Dennis Alvaro) whose compulsive overeating leads to another when Gwendolyn looks up the food bar. Next to go is the delivery boy, who tries to withhold Edie's grocery order. Edie says, kids eat, eat, eat, kids eat—you get the idea. The line between death and food finally blur into Ah, you say it for yourself! Medi-cum-bang, com-pulso eating, definitely a cult movie distractfully weird and fascinating, but as fascinating as the old National Lampoon cast of

water, splash (our phony) gas, and the disease caused more than BLOOD FEAST all anchored by Atkins' performance. Never ever Shirley Stoler! (SAB)

VAMPIRES (1974)

4. Joseph Lanza



Along with Lucio Arnesti's 1972 LA NOVIA ENSAÑCERADA/THE BLOODPLATTERED BRIDE, this is the most campy of the "Carrie" (asymmetrical human vampire movies) of the early 1970's. Like Arnesti, director French (Peter) Lanza is Spanish, testing his ways of peddling females (both live, dead, naked, and dead again) in every "unusual" and naturalistic way possible but deadly, capturing batches in need of a new man every night. A twisted male fantasy of heart, Lanza made this film in England, creating the most explicit and marginal British vampire flick since HORROR OF DRACULA two. Mood-shocking, bizarre and so there we are in an injured maniac leaving their ravaged bodies in stages into accidents for the police to pick up the next scene. What one of their victims survives the night of sex and being killed he comes back around for another beat, and another leading to the sequence apparently snuffing it in an avarice popcorn full of antrix. This one is strong stuff, with genuinely disgusting sequences of violence and the basic of lovesickening, charging the film with a nightmare atmosphere that is really more surreal and ranks up there with *Wuth's* flesh! (SAB)

ANGUISH (1977)

4. Super Lanza



For about the first half of ANGUISH, a pretentious Spanish horror flick offering some kind "knows" commentary on the splatter genre and its fans, this movie seems unable to decide if it's trying to give Edward D. Wood a run for his directional bones or settle down to the business of bone. The Most Disturbing Splatter Movie Ever Made.

Despite a noble William Castle-style prologue ("WARNING: DURING THIS FILM YOU WILL BE SUBJECTED TO SUBLIMINAL

MESSAGES AND A STATE OF BLOOD HYPNOSIS") the movie actually gets off to a good start,centering on one of the most bizarre-mother/son relationships since PSYCHO.

Unholy in disturbing fashion it tells the tale of a weirdo mother-deadlocked writer (Michael Lerner), who works in a show where he is in charge of a huge collection of eyeballs he collects. When a nihilistic patient complains about his creepy behavior, he is dismissed. However, under the aegis of his mother's SPOLTERIST's instruction, psychiatrist (Sabu Robinson) in a hysterically over-the-top camp performance) psyche control (she uses revenge, killing the woman and her effem. husband, and cutting out their eyes with a scalpel to add them to his tree collection. Later, he makes his way to a circus (showing the 1975 LOST WORLD) and starts collecting more eyes from the unfortunate babies.

At this point, writer-director Super pulls back to reveal that this is all a film-within-a-film and switches the action to another mother-deadlocked psych who starts snuffing down flingers with a teleoper per. The rest of the film intercuts between the two killers as they make their final stand.

Though the early stages score with some elegant, cynical scenes work worthy of Mario Bava (especially of Lanza's taste, complete with jet pack in a barrel) and the usual murder and peace exploit all our worst phobias about our old pleasures, with a terrific performance by Lerner. Super suffices what fraction of shock the first half achieves with his stiff, banal, we get a couple of strange teenage girl protagonists, the usual manicure splatter+voiced with only two scenes to rub together across technical credits and, yes, that old Carpenter/Chen stand-by—The Laser Team Ending.

The film's most Jerry Lewis, optimum response with Lanza trying to restrain a peasant trapped between a wall and a cabinet.

I know the Spanish can make great psychological and horror/splatter flicks—Cleopatra Cross' *HAIL A BILL FROM HELL* (1973) proves it. Unfor-unately this isn't one of them. Disappointment. (SAB)

VIDEO

dog house

BLOOD FREUDY (1987)

d. Hal Freeman



This movie comes in one of the shittiest and gloopiest owned video boxes. You know, the kind with too much color on it and the sketchy, repressed lettering? But don't let that stop you; it also features a bloody hand and both plus photos of the two, vomit-inducing B-movie stars. Third and final cut it's got a running A.V., a test, and a dozen bloopers. You fill in the blanks. (CR)

THIRST (1977)

d. Rod Hardy



Non-supernatural "medical vampires" are nothing new (from 1970's *THE VAMPIRE BAT* to 1984's *THE BLACK ROOM*). Few, though, have been as harrowing as this one, and only one other (Asian Japsara's 1973 *BLACK TREATMENT*) has the evocative songs of Rod Hardy's *THIRST*. Descendant of infamous Countess Elizabeth Bathory is kidnapped by "the Brotherhood," an international cartel of "vampires" who consider blood drinking the "ultimate aristocratic act." They attempt to condition her toward acceptance of her legacy within the context of a sinister high-tech class C one-of-many around the world, and destruction of similar "maggots" in human society. The album, a "blood diary" geared to mass production and distribution of personalized plagues for the Brotherhood's wealthy members, is the film's most efficient and frighteningly believable control via pale ladies "classical" wandering like cattle between methadone-laden "rotations." The film, whenever it needlessly enhances the traditional gothic elements its concept brilliantly subverts: the artificial lamp, glowing red eyes, and crucifix sacrifice pain as the abattoir of the cold dread the class impose. Though tame in comparison with more aggressive horror films, the visual use of blood is potent, as the skeletal

mathematized calcification of quantity (from scattered pools to bottled quarts to showers and seas full of the substance) has quarry-motivated impact, just as in even hardened portholeads. With David Hemblen and Harry Silve as members of the Hyena Brotherhood. Music by Sean May (*MAD MAX: ROAD WARRIOR*). (CR)

THE REVENGE OF DR. X



A dreadful film, but it is not *one* and *by no means* *any* way. Does ANYBODY know ANYTHING about this film? The now-classic tag line for the cast of *MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND* on the tape (and the troopers of the film on the box), but it really stars Kent Taylor as the down-and-out, a bullion-dead scientist in the Orient who grows a deadly, hot disease. He must convince plain creature to prove his basic theories about human evolution stemming (sort of) from the plain kingdom. The robbery which upsets said bullion (and funds the research) is search of it, and before Kent becomes popular with it as a vaccine and they plunge to their deaths (just as and feels like an Edna Ferber/Henryk Sienkiewicz picture, but there's many miles in to its real literary and my own research really up). Help! Plus of *FROM HELL IT CAME*, *THE WOMAN-AT-SEA* or *SWAMP THING* might enjoy this variation on the theme, perhaps that we in America have some cooperation a la *THE MANSTERS* (1983).

your place is as good as ours. (The first DEMP RED reader this to provide hard facts on the unknown, after will win a free pen and an original drawing by yours truly and the DC's *SWAMP THING*. Dark Horse: GODZILLA, etc.) (CR)

PSYCHO IN LOVE

d. Gorman Reischard



Acc., with a name like Gorman it's got to be good, right? Wrong. This tale of two lonely crossed towns who always slaughtered their dogs until they met one another in an atrocious beauty. The only thing that saves the film from being a complete dog is the T & A factor. As usual, the video box artwork looks great. Oh well. Fodder again. (CR)

FORBIDDEN ZONE (1992)

d: Richard Crudo



Delightful Richard Dreyfus (HOLLOWMAN) has a go at being a hero, sparing complete disillusionment on first viewing, rewarding fan upon repeated exposure. Dreyfus and his brother Darryl (who steals the show doing a Cub Calloway [John Goodman] lead the West Coast band Gungo Bongo, where other members also play multiple roles as well as doing the music. Steven Weber and the inimitable Susan Tyrell (BAD, NIGHT WARRIOR, FLESH AND BLOOD) rule the crazy quilt Perfessor Zone, into which an maze of characters plunge for adventure that must be seen and heard to be believed. An obvious labor of love, affectionately mixing the macabre, light, and weird of Georges Melies' *The Phantasmagoria*, BILLY BOOP cartoon, vaudeville exploitation movies (adult gore), and a Joe Dante remake. The Three Stooges underground come, and the "new wave" rock Gungo Bongo grow from. A collage of theatrical live acts performed amid satiric costumes and sets, illusions effects and animation, and old recordings (tagged to previous effect) with new music create a unique entertainment. As Perfosity (Mass Production Effects) puts it, "How can-a-ur!" (SHR)

NEAR DARK (1993)

d: Kathryn Bigelow



Handy Texas youth makes the move on pretty UT blonde Lori, who falls for him and pulls him into a parasitic relationship and romantic night life with a scary "family" of bloodsuckers. Lance Henriksen, Dennis Christopher, and Bill Paxton from ALIENS and the pernicious little brother of RIVER'S EDGE. Horrifying acts-of-passion include a hair-raising sequence in a saloon bar, where the ghoulish drifter butcher savagely dials in the joint, leading to a seedy shoot-out in a motel and chaotic show-down and barbecue in town. Clever, kinetic, and haunting, though initially a hybrid of the western and science fiction—forget the similarities of CURSE OF THE UNDEAD (1991) and BILLY THE KID VS DRACULA (1991). Kathryn Bigelow's audacious, inventive direction continually surprises with its volatile blend of beauty, savagery, and explosive violence, telling its story with nearly a masterful body the

"language" of exceedingly vague, detecting somewhat from the film's overwhelming impact. The chemistry between the ALIENS veterans can't often be equaled, leading the film much of its owing edge and economy. Recommended (SHR)

HELLRAISER (1987)

d: Clive Barker

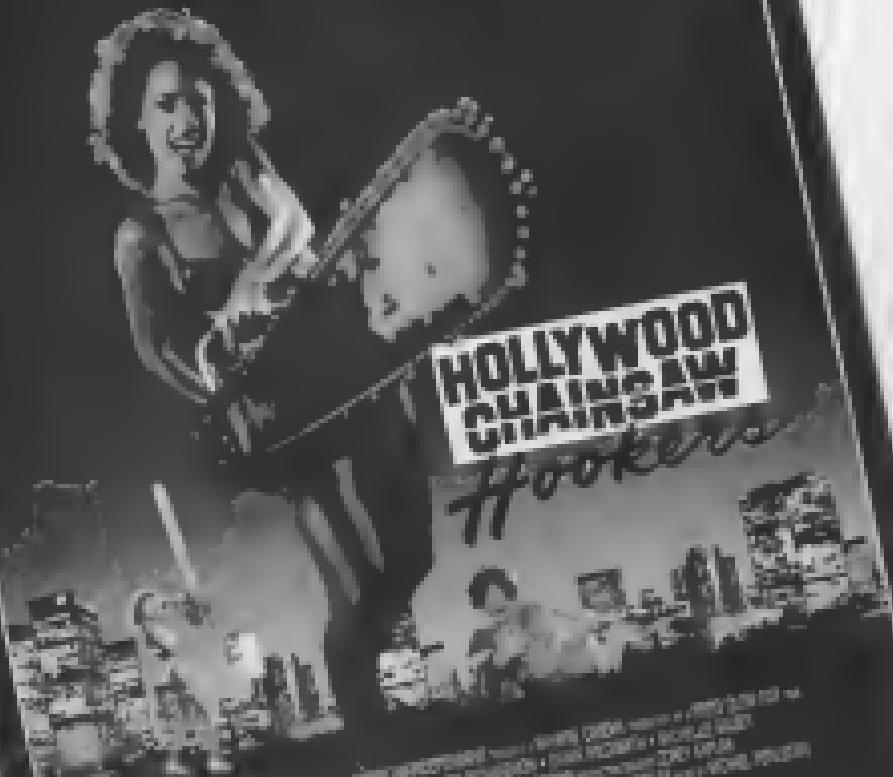


In this mad, chaotic, audience-infected cinematic world we live in, it is indeed a rare treat to stumble upon a genre offering that is both unique and original. These may words define HELLRAISER. HELLRAISER is Clive Barker made real. In his directorial debut, Clive Barker has brought his atypical writing style to the screen in all its bloody glory. Based on his novella, "The Hellbound Heart," HELLRAISER deals with one man's obsessive search to experience the ultimate in physical agony. This quest leads him to a Chinese mystic who hands him a strange, golden puzzle box called The Lament Configuration. Open out the puzzle and you encounter six four-dimensional fiends from Hell called Cenobites, who are experts when it comes to pleasure, but with that pleasure must come excruciating agony! In short, the Cenobites rip the guy to shreds! One day, out of accident, blood spills on the floor where this guy was dismembered. The blood turns him back to life but only in a state of raw flesh (an excellent FX sequence!). He needs more blood, and inherently he helps make him whole again. He makes the cut of his brother's wife, Our former lover, who plays like a hooker in order to turn flesh meat to her love. (This means a double step to take for the sake of a good flesh, but what the hay?)

I really loved this film! The Cenobites are fantastically horrific, designed by Barker, that define the word grotesque. The cinematography is perfectly dark and morbid, the editing more than sufficient. I can't wait to see what Barker will come up with next.

There are those who feel HELLRAISER's Cenobites a worse than its complete! I give my prize of Barker's film as a bit biased due to my love of his writing work. But fact is! HELLRAISER is an exemplary effort for director Clive Barker. It sure beats the shit out of Stephen King's directorial debut. (DSD)

THEY CHARGE AN ARM AND A LEG!

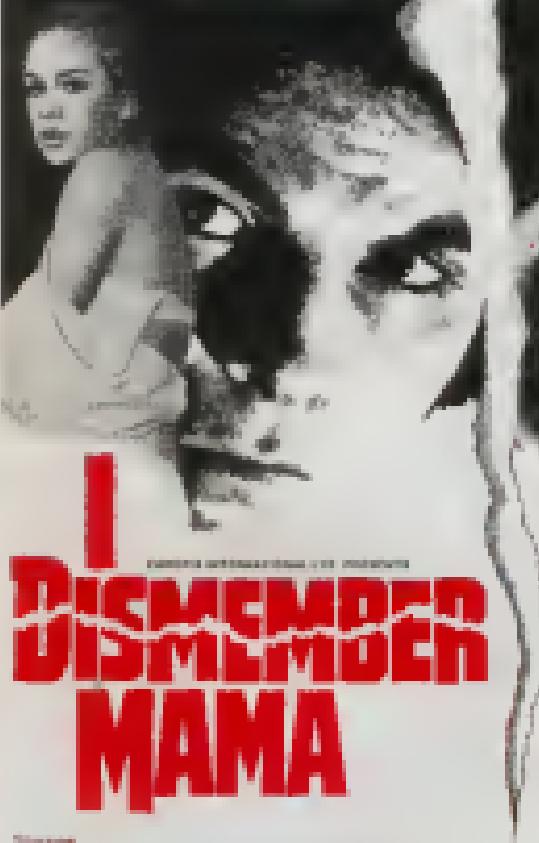


HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW

A FRENZY OF BLOOD!

*Hunting desires
seething in his mind
lead to a night
of ghouly
atrocities!*

*The savage revenge
of a young bride
savaged on her
wedding night!*



I Dismember MAMA

Starring
JOSEPH HALL • GENE MURCH • JENNIFER ANDREW JORDAN
MARGARET BREACH • Screenplay by WILLIAM NORTON
Directed by PAUL LUCAS
Music by RONNIE SCHULZ • COLOR

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THE BLOOD SPATTERED BRIDE

Starring
SARAH ANDREW • MARSHAL MARTIN
ALLANISKA, GAIL FIELDS • GENE MURCH
Written and Directed by VICKI MEL APPARADA
DUSTY FILM CORPORATION

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